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"ZULEIKA."—BY TITO CONTI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUSTAV SCHAUER, BERLIN.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Hospital* publishes some views of sick nursing by ladies which have been hitherto lost sight of, but seem well worthy of consideration. "Though lady nurses," writes one of its correspondents, "even surpass one's hopes by their management of sickness, still it is anything but soothing to a male patient, or at least a gentleman, for a lady to be performing all manner of unpleasant services for him. It has heretofore been his place to attend upon her, and it is disagreeable to him to lie still and see her perform menial things for him, feeling thanks to be necessary and resolved to make as few demands on her as possible." When men are deadly ill this matters nothing, but under less serious circumstances these feelings do not make for recovery, and in cases of fever prove absolutely injurious. I have known instances where the very thought of this species of attendance has affected the whole nervous system. On the other hand, there is no question that women are far better nurses than men. In military hospitals, in particular, the male attendant cannot sometimes get rid of a certain natural roughness of demeanour and frankness of speech which are not suitable for the weak and the sick. I have heard a man say to another within six feet of the patient, "He will make no old bones," a remark which would hardly occur to a lady nurse.

The question of whether gifts bestowed during an engagement should be returned when it is broken off has always been a debated one. Males of a chivalric turn of mind are not all in favour of returning them, for what a gentleman gives he gives, and does not want to see back again, while the female commonly objects to it for another reason. Her lover's gifts are generally more valuable than her own, and therefore the subsequent exchange doesn't seem to be quite fair. If they are rings or trinkets, what can the wretch want them for, except to give as a *gage d'amour* to somebody else, an intention she is charitably unwilling to attribute to him? It is, in fact, about jewellery that disputes upon this delicate matter chiefly arise. A gentleman has been accused of stealing no less than four diamond rings from a young lady to whom he had formerly paid his addresses. He took hold of her dainty hand, just as he used to do, only a little more firmly, and snatched the rings off her fingers. The magistrate said that upon the whole there seemed to be a general opinion that presents should be returned after an engagement had been cancelled; but, on the other hand, no gentleman had the right to take them by force. This is rather an unsatisfactory judgment, for in the case in question the rings would not certainly have been regained by argument.

This is said to be "an age of luxury," and yet in these heats of August how many persons of good means are without ice on their tables even at dinner! A refrigerator is not, indeed, the cheap luxury it is described in the advertisements: it requires a considerable stock of ice to do much good with it; but enough for the table, not to speak of rough ice, can be secured in towns (where it is most wanted) for fourpence a day. The faculty, indeed, have recently discovered microbes in those blocks of ice from Norway which might stand for very emblems of purity, and the sight of which, in the late broiling weather, was like a glimpse of Paradise; but the faculty would discover microbes in the moon. It is not that which makes people who have £500 a-year and upwards give their guests luke-warm water and melted butter in the dog days; it is because in an age of luxury there is very little care for comfort. If a dinner consists of many courses and costs two guineas a head it gives general satisfaction, and only one person in ten knows that it is a bad dinner, and far less where to get a better one for three-and-sixpence. Also even comparatively wealthy people, who will spend pounds on anything in the nature of display, will grudge the expenditure of a penny on ordinary occasions, as if everyday life was not of far more consequence than its exceptions. I suppose it would be considered bad taste to take a little ice (neatly wrapped up in flannel) to a house where one was not sure of getting it; but it would be what is called a good "object lesson," and might benefit other guests (among whom one would probably not be included) on a future occasion. An American called on me the other night, and declined all offers of refreshment; he had been dining with another English friend, and had fared, he said, bountifully. He would not even drink anything, though I offered him the choice of the contents of my humble cellar. But just as he was going away the servant brought in a tray with some iced water. A devout expression—I think it was "Oh, Jerusalem!"—escaped from my visitor's lips at the sight of it. "The first time to-day—to-day, with the thermometer at 90 deg. in the shade—upon my soul and honour! Ah! Ah! [as though he were bathing in it], this is true hospitality." I blushed for my fellow-countrymen at the idea of what he had been deprived of because it costs half-a-crown a week. We English are often rebuked for neglecting "the pleasures that lie about our feet," and one of those is certainly the ice-pail.

Jones, the great essayist and master of style, has had the misfortune to hurt his hand, as he gives out, at cricket.

What little game he has been up to (this is not Jones's style, by-the-bye,) I don't know, but I cannot imagine him at the wicket, and far less attempting to stop a ball, unless with his hat. Perhaps he was looking on. However, his hand has been lamed somehow, and he can't write. This, as we all understand, and he especially, would, if permanent, be a serious blow to English literature, not of the light and evanescent kind such as novelists use, but of the highest class. Even a temporary interruption of the supply would have been a deplorable incident, and Jones was in despair about it on public grounds. Someone had suggested the type-writer; but as Jones was unacquainted with the machine, which takes three months of anybody's time to learn, and would have taken twelve of Jones's, the idea was obviously impracticable. He did me the honour to consult me in this emergency. "The worst of it is," he said, "I have never been able to dictate to anybody." This for an essayist upon philosophical subjects, was humorous enough, but I replied gravely, "You must try; we must get you an amanuensis; would you prefer a male or a female?" Jones's face was a picture; he blushed up to his fine forehead. "Good heavens, what a question!" he said. "The idea of dictating to a woman!" It had been done I assured him, though not so often as the reverse process. "I think," he said, "I should prefer a child. A child would not be interested in my work, whereas an intelligent adult would be sure to be impatient and wanting to know what was coming next."

The idea of a small boy taking down, in round hand, and with his tongue out, Jones's magnificent periods was almost too much for me. However, I promised to do my best, and sent him an amanuensis as near to a child as they make them—a youth of twenty-five or so, mild and stolid as an ox, and equally ready to take down the Hundred Best Books, or the worst, from their respective authors without a tear or a smile. He came to me next morning, and I asked him how he had got on. He said "Very well." Mr. Jones had insisted only on one thing, that he should write down every word he uttered without comment or interruption of any kind, and this he had done. Mr. Jones had paid him, but had not made another appointment. "Then the dictation has been a success?" I said. "Well, Sir, you can judge for yourself, for here it is." He produced from his pocket a manuscript rolled up like a ball. "But how came you to bring it away with you? Surely Mr. Jones has seen it?" "Yes, Sir, he read it, and threw it at me!" The manuscript was rather voluminous, but a glance at a single page explained matters. The italics I have ventured to supply. "Greatness in a work—*If you will be kind enough not to stare so infernally*—suggests an adequate instrumentality, and none of the lower incitements, however they may avail to initiate, or even effect many considerable displays of power—*It is impossible to follow the sequence of ideas when you make such a scratching with your pen*—simulating the nobler inspiration to which they are mistakenly referred—*Why the deuce don't you use a quill?*—have been found able, under the ordinary conditions of humanity—*Never have I seen a fellow-creature make such faces*—to take themselves to the end of so exacting a performance—*If you fidget with your feet so, I can't go on*—a poet's complete work." It was a splendid essay upon imaginative genius, and has since been widely extolled, but these little interruptions certainly interfered with the thread of it. It was not the fault of the amanuensis, who was dutifulness itself, nor yet perhaps of Jones; but the fact is, the case of literature is an exceptional one, as regards its mechanical exercise, in that it is more difficult to dictate than to obey.

It is very well for persons engaged in politics or commerce, and consequently untroubled with shyness, to maintain that dictating is as easy as lying, which it may be to them; but literary folk are of a more modest temperament; and the operation of clothing the naked thought with words is often as delicate and embarrassing to them as would be that of dressing in public. They can manage business letters not much more unsuccessfully *vivâ voce* than with pen and ink, but when it comes to composing their immortal works aloud, and for another's ear, it is a different matter. The amanuensis may be as silent as the grave, but you can't be sure of it; like that chancicleer which interfered with the repose of the philosopher of Chelsea because he thought it was "going to crow," you feel he is going to speak though he may never do so. He may be as grave as a judge, but you cannot resist the impression that your last sentence, though in reality a particularly sublime one, may possibly have sounded rather ridiculous. If you had been alone you would have repeated it, and derived encouragement from its grandeur, but now you simply dare not do it; the man would roar. It is true you only think he would, but thought goes for a good deal in imaginative composition. The tender emotions are very difficult to deal with in this connection: think of making love to an imaginary object, or, as it were, at secondhand, in the presence of a third person! Romeo could not have done it, nor even Swift, though "he could write finely on a broomstick." When you are writing, you can refresh your memory of your last sentence at a glance, but it is pitiful to have to ask somebody else, "Where was I? Where am I?" as though one were half drowned or quite

drunk. Moreover, there are cases (I am told), if she be of the opposite sex, when instead of one's dictation one can't help thinking of the amanuensis.

When one hears of a publisher being shot by an author it is well to have all the facts before us before expressing disapprobation. The cabman-poet who shot M. Lockroy, poet and publisher, has certainly no counterpart in this country. "Handsome is as handsome does," says our proverb; but no London cabman, even of "the higher branch of the profession," has ever driven a poet as this man was wont to drive Victor Hugo, i.e. gratuitously, and out of admiration for his poetry. He may have driven poets for nothing, and very likely, but if so we may be sure it was not a voluntary act. Setting one thing against another, one has as much admiration as rebuke for the man, for though to shoot a publisher is reprehensible, it is surely compensated for by so unusual a display of appreciation of genius. Besides, M. Lockroy is Victor Hugo's son-in-law, and one can't go on benefiting the same family for ever; they must take the rough with the smooth. I know, it is true, a British novelist who was once driven home by a cabman for nothing; but that was not from admiration of his works, but because, being slightly intoxicated, he mistook him for somebody else—a music-hall performer of much greater celebrity, and, what was very embarrassing to the person obliged, he asked for a recitation on the doorstep. If his generosity had had the proper motive, would that novelist have had any objection to the cabman's "taking it out," as it were, of other novelists by shooting them? Such a question scarcely admits of argument. As to the statement that the cabman shot M. Lockroy because he would not publish his works, that is a matter of business the proper field for the discussion of which is obviously Mr. Besant's magazine, the *Author*.

As the visitors' book at Cliveden has been valued at £300 there was probably something interesting in it beside autographs. But I confess that this is a sort of literature to which when I am asked to contribute alarm is my portion. It requires extempore wit, which of itself is a rare quality, or a pretty vein of sentiment, which is still rarer. Persons of intelligence, who know what is expected of them, are prepared for the ordeal—have their contributions in their pockets—but to the neophyte it is very embarrassing. Except in that bad quarter of an hour that precedes dinner, man is never so dull as when he first enters a house as a guest. An hotel visitors' book is easy to fill up, because you are coming away from the place, and can say what you like of your entertainment; but in the private domestic volume you are expected to say something civil in advance, like a grace before a dinner of which you have not seen the menu. However, visitors' books are only to be met with in great houses; we know nothing of that plague of albums from which our forefathers suffered, and from which even the villa residence was not free. "Just a few lines in your own handwriting about anything you please." That was what the hostess said with her most winning smile, but what was expected was poetry. As the British visitor was seldom up to that, his contributions were of the most miscellaneous kind. A poet of society (which is not quite the same as a society poet) has told us what they were from personal observation; his beloved object—

An album, kept at home,  
Well filled with all an album's glories;  
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,  
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;  
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,  
And autographs of Prince Leboo,  
And recipes for elder-water.

There are in this case allusions to persons and matters of the day that would otherwise be forgotten, as there are also in the less-known nonsense verses "written for a young lady's album," by Barham—

Colonel Evans comes up,  
And invites him to sup  
At the Carlton with Lockhart and Croker, and Croker;  
When the ghost of Horne Tooke  
Blackballed Theodore Hook  
For being a joker, a joker, a joker!  
Then in comes Earl Grey,  
In his dignified way,  
Saying, "Dress me some dumplings with dripping, with dripping";  
And ends by observing  
To Washington Irving,  
That Harrington's whiskers want clipping, want clipping.  
But stay, Mrs. Hughes  
Will fall foul of my muse,  
And call her a gipsy, and call her a gipsy;  
For says she, "Only look,  
How you're spoiling the book!"  
Why, you're certainly tipsy, you're certainly tipsy!"

If I remember right, Miss Catherine Fanshawe's magnificent riddle first appeared in an album; while these moral reflections certainly did—

Glean from the brute creation,  
Thou vain and haughty man!  
That lore thy vaunted reason  
Is all too weak to scan!  
Of virtue and of prudence  
Rich lessons they will grant,  
Thou need'st not seek thine "Uncle,"  
Would'st thou but heed the ant!



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Mr. Gladstone is full of surprises. The House thinks it knows him well, but is constantly astonished by his versatility. There is a tradition that Mr. Gladstone always speaks at great length because, when he is once launched on a speech, he forgets the lapse of time. But when expediency demands it, the Prime Minister can be a model of brevity. He can state a complex argument in five minutes, and he can say nothing at all in fifty. He can envelope an opponent in a cloud of words like a dust-storm, or he can deliver a blow with the deadliest conciseness. He will make an interruption which darkens counsel and leaves the House groping in obscurity, or he will interject a single phrase which is like a flash of forked lightning. Mr. T. W. Russell is making a tempestuous onslaught on the closure resolution. It will prevent the House from discussing the monstrous schedule of Irish representation which retains the borough of Kilkenny. Just imagine Kilkenny, with its wretchedly small population, continuing to elect a member! Mr. Russell is evidently thinking of the Kilkenny cats. There were only two of them, whereas the electioneering cats elsewhere, in some Ulster constituencies for instance, are abundant and imposing. "This schedule," says Mr. Russell, "is the greatest outrage the Prime Minister has committed." "There is one greater outrage," interposes Mr. Gladstone. "What is it?" demands the irate Ulsterman. "Your schedule," is the retort. These debates have abounded in such passages of arms, sudden, swift, and stormy; yet the House cherishes its fixed idea that Mr. Gladstone can never make a proposition unless he employs the resources of a multitudinous vocabulary. So, when he rises to propose closure resolution No. 2 he is supposed to be good for an hour at least. He takes exactly ten minutes, and sits down, probably with an amused consciousness of having reduced the House to its customary bewilderment. "Deep, oh, very deep!" murmurs a voice which sounds like Sir Richard Temple's. "He is going to give us the gag, so he is brief and stern, as if he had a holy horror of loquacity, and had never wasted a moment in his life. Oh, deep!"

But now comes Mr. Chamberlain with his amendment, and he is deep too. He cannot follow the unfortunate example of his right honourable friend with a ten-minutes exercise. The occasion is too grave for such levity. Mr. Chamberlain needs the best part of an hour to unfold the tale of infamy which is to freeze the blood of the Strangers' Gallery. He performs the task with trenchant vigour. The precedent of 1887 is adroitly outflanked. The Government think the closure in that year is a parallel; therefore they are bound to oppose it, as they did then. The Opposition do not think it is a parallel; therefore, they are not bound to support it as they did six years ago. Again the voice of Sir Richard murmurs, "Neat, oh, very neat!" As for obstruction, it is the chimera of a guilty conscience. If the Government had really wanted to have their Bill discussed, they could have carried it through the Commons by Christmas without resorting to the tyrannical suppression of debate. They had preferred to degrade Parliament to the level of a voting machine for the sake of party expediency. To answer this attack there rises from the Liberal benches a figure which rarely intervenes in debate. It is Mr. Whitbread, who enjoys the reputation of being an impartial institution. He embodies the essence of Parliamentary tradition, speaks with measured sobriety and an impressive use of eye-glass. He admits that the Opposition have conformed to the technicalities of procedure, but it is possible to do that and yet be guilty of flat treason to the Commons. This Bill had occupied nearly eighty days. Would any other assembly in the world have given half that time? The real degradation of the House was to overlay it with words, so that business was paralysed and legislation made impossible. His right honourable friend Mr. Jesse Collings had threatened to go through the villages of England and proclaim the iniquity of the closure. He would go in at one end of the village and come out at the other, and when he had departed the villagers would wonder why the Government had not closed him much sooner. As for Mr. Chamberlain, he was an ardent Home Ruler who would never believe in a Home Rule Bill till it was introduced by himself, and then it would not provide Home Rule at all. Here Sir William Harcourt smiles, and the whole of his extensive physical superficies shakes with approving merriment, and the voice of Sir Richard mutters "Impartial, oh, very impartial!"

After this a slashing interval of Mr. Goschen, followed by a dulness which is partially relieved by Mr. Bodkin, the Irish member who once addressed the Speaker as "Your Riverence." Mr. Bodkin, wishing to say something agreeable about Mr. Chamberlain, says he will appeal from Philip Tory to Philip Radical. "I presume, Sir," he remarks confidently to the Chair, "that the original quotation would not be in order." The uprising of Mr. Radcliffe Cooke causes a pleasing commotion on the Conservative benches. Mr. Radcliffe Cooke is the newly-elected of Hereford, and he has brought a mandate from his constituents against the closure and against the Bill. A bit of a wag is Hereford's new representative, and he scores against the Impartial Whitbread by genially observing that on his return to the House he is delighted

to find the member for Bedford still throwing the glamour of his respectability over very dubious proceedings. Mr. T. W. Russell also has a joke against Bedford's oracle. Is the right honourable gentleman anxious to have the Home Rule Bill out of the way in order to pass the Local Veto Bill? This allusion to the brewing interest of Bedford is greatly relished by the Opposition. But now the Chancellor of the Exchequer appears at the table, and the big Ministerial gun begins to boom. Sir William has provided himself with Mr. Chamberlain's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the evils of obstruction, and the necessity of stringent closure, and he fires this into his right honourable friend—bless you, they are all right honourable friends!—with infinite gusto. The spectacle reminds me of the old-fashioned gunner ramming the charge home with ponderous deliberation, then lighting the touch-hole with a broad smile, and watching the shot landing plump in the middle of the foe.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

We regret to announce the death, on Aug. 22, of this excellent reigning German Prince, Duke Ernest II., the elder brother of the lamented Albert, Prince Consort,

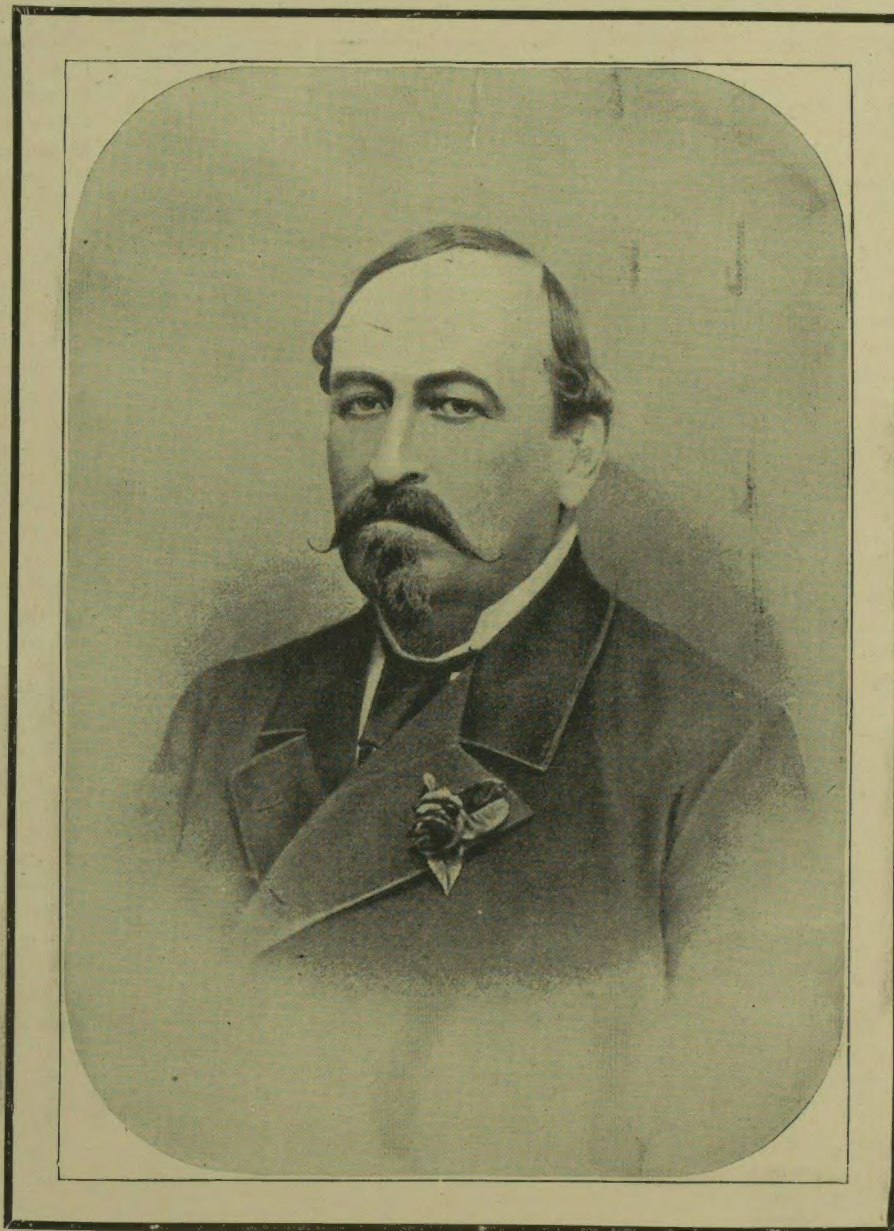


Photo by E. Ullenhuth, Coburg.

THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG, BROTHER OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

husband of our Queen, and one of her Majesty's most attached friends in Germany. His Serene Highness was seventy-five years old, having been born on June 21, 1818, son of Duke Ernest I., whose ancestors, descended from the ancient Dukes of Saxony, were Landgraves of Thuringia, holding the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg with Saalfeld, but in 1826 Saalfeld was exchanged for Gotha. The principality of Lichtenberg was also given to Duke Ernest I., by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, but was sold by him, in 1834, to the King of Prussia, and he was one of the wealthiest of the German Princes. The two Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha are not contiguous, and have separate Governments and legislative Chambers, but these assemblies meet to form a combined legislature, for the affairs common to both, alternately at Coburg and at Gotha. The late Duke married, in 1842, Princess Alexandrina, daughter of the Grand Duke Leopold of Baden, but had no children.

## TROOPS MARCHING AT ALDERSHOT.

The large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery lately assembled at Aldershot under the command of General Sir Evelyn Wood has been removed to another manœuvring ground, on the borders of Berkshire and Wiltshire, where camps are formed at Liddington and Uffington. During many days, at the Aldershot camp, to Aug. 13, the regular troops were associated with Volunteer battalions, numbering in all 20,000 men, each battalion staying not longer than eight days. They included five hundred boys of the Public Schools Battalion, and battalions from London,

Middlesex, Surrey, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Somerset, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Glamorganshire. Liverpool sent three battalions, and from the Forth came two. In the very hot weather, many of the Volunteers suffered much from the sun and the exhausting effects of long rapid marches; on Aug. 7 one fell a victim to heat apoplexy, on the Fox Hills, was carried on an ambulance to the Cambridge Hospital, and died next day. He was forty-nine years of age, and was a Staffordshire man. There were companies of certain regiments to be seen marching in their shirts, having been allowed to leave their tunics in the barracks. The clouds of dust raised by their movements on the dry ground of Aldershot were so great that it was often difficult to see anything at twenty yards' distance. The men carried water-bottles, but complaints were made, in some instances, that they did not get proper food before marching six or eight miles. Sir Evelyn Wood, in his remarks after one of the field-days, observed that Volunteer company officers should look better after their men, both during a march and by personal supervision of the men's breakfasts, by not only seeing that the latter are served out, but that they are duly eaten.

## THE CORNISH PILCHARD FISHERY.

Few Londoners, probably, have eaten a pilchard fresh. That fish is not exactly the familiar herring; it is smaller, with much larger scales, and with the dorsal fin placed more forward. Its flesh, within a few hours of its being caught, is delicious; but you must go to St. Ives or Newquay, or to Penzance, or somewhere far to the west, for this dainty, as well as for such sea views and sea air as you will never get on the Kent and Sussex coasts. This "*clupea pilchardus*" is seldom found anywhere but off the shores of the extreme western peninsula of South Britain, from July or August to November. In winter it retires to the deep, warm Gulf Stream waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Mevagissey was a great resort for this fish. Though it has been taken between Plymouth and Start Point, it is such a stranger to the Devonshire peasantry that they call it "Cornish duck." In Portugal and Spain, to which countries its smoked or pressed flesh used to be largely exported, it bears the name of "fumados," which English traders have converted into "fair maids." Half a century ago, this local fishery was so valuable that one day's catch at St. Ives was worth £60,000. Twenty years ago, the pilchard fishery employed 1250 boats and 4000 hands, with seine-nets and drift-nets; the latter 30 ft. deep and half a mile long; the former, 300 yards long and 70 ft. deep, which the men in the boats could place in a few minutes. We regret to learn that this fishery is sadly declining. The pilchard is a shy and capricious creature.

## ROYAL ARTILLERY CAMP AT OKEHAMPTON.

The permanent camp of the Royal Artillery for practice and exercise on the border of Dartmoor, near Okehampton, is attended yearly by large numbers of officers for the purpose of instruction. The commandant of this camp is Colonel Trevor B. Tyler, R.A., and the arrangements are worthy of inspection by persons interested in military affairs. From Shoburyness to the western highlands of Devon is rather a long journey, but Volunteer artillerymen who have leisure, after their recent meeting on the shore of the Essex marshes, could learn much on Dartmoor. Let them watch the evolutions of field-batteries from the Semaphore Hill, and see how guns can be moved over rugged broken ground; how moving targets are aimed at, representing masses

of troops in the field of battle. They will then get some idea of the part of field artillery in an actual campaign.

But visitors to that part of Dartmoor, since the Artillery Camp was established, complain that their rambles are not so quiet and safe as in former years. A letter dated Aug. 21, has appeared in a London paper, relating the following experience: "Three of us started yesterday morning to walk from Gidleigh to Cranmere Pool, a well-known centre of attraction to pedestrians, lying in the heart of the moor. They were firing from the camp at Okehampton, and from where we stood we watched the shot strike a hill two miles away. A random one fell half a mile off, causing us to change our direction, and approach the Pool from more protected ground. We heard the guns until one o'clock, when they ceased. At half-past one they recommenced, and we were alarmed to hear the shriek of the shells, followed by the thud, as they dropped within a few hundred yards of us. We took shelter in a fissure of the ground, but were soon driven out by a shot striking the ground a few yards behind us, scattering the peat over our heads. Speedily to get out of range was impossible, and for half an hour we were struggling over the broken ground under heavy fire, with the shells screeching in every direction. Two fell within ten yards of us, a dozen within fifty or a hundred yards, while a number went tearing through the air above or to one side of us. That none of our party were killed or injured was pure luck; yet we were in a part of the moor well known to be traversed by the public, at least five miles from the camp, with no sort of warning by way of flags or signals of any kind that danger was to be apprehended."



## DOCTOR CHARCOT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Doctor Charcot belonged to the class of Parisians that produced Molière, his father having been a small tradesman. His mother was also a Parisian. She and her husband were intellectual, and set store on education. They spent liberally on that of their two sons, one of whom was destined to respectable mediocrity, and is now a retired major. Jean Martin, the late doctor, was born on Nov. 29, 1825, in the midst of a religious reaction which exasperated the Voltairian bourgeoisie of Paris, to which the Charcot family belonged. The only public functions in which the royal family took part out of doors were Corpus Christi and other processions. Penal laws were enacted against impiety, and were sharply applied. The King, Charles X., whom Doctor Charcot remembered to have seen walking behind the relics of Saint Geneviève, was nicknamed "le Roi des Cagots," or "the King of the Bigots." The religious people were led by a nobility soured in exile, and did not then feel the beautiful grace of charity. Charcot's mind would have, therefore, from earliest infancy received a bent in the direction of Voltairianism and of Positivism, such as Littré understood it. He hesitated whether to be an artist or a doctor when the time came for him to choose a profession. The father generously urged him to be the latter, and not to let himself be debarred

arising from it, which, until he discovered the contrary, were thought independent of each other. Certain kinds of deafness, arthritic rheumatism, and kidney disease were traced to gout, and that disease arose from an overwrought liver and a sluggish skin. The general convulsion of the Commune did not cause any change in his habits. He never left the hospital before every patient in the wards or the consulting-room was looked to, and his hand was constantly in his pocket to help those whose nerves were racked by the terror arising from not knowing where to lay their head. In writing his prescriptions he often added, "Pay to my order 10f. or 20f." His charity orders were cashed by the hospital purser. They came to a large sum at the end of the year.

Charcot humoured the irreligious people in power by reducing the Lourdes and other miracles to suggestion. Gambetta, Naquet, Paul Bert, and other political Atheists attended his lectures. He produced the phenomenon of "stigmata" on hysterical girls. Stigmata used to be a great Middle Age sign of sanctity or diabolical influence. Those nuns who bore marks corresponding to the "five wounds of the Cross" were counted supremely favoured. On the other hand, there were stigmata which were in that dark time held to show the power of Satan only. Those so marked were burned or drowned. Charcot, at his demonstrations, seemed to command every nerve of his patients. There were but two seats in the room where he taught—one for himself and the other for the patient.

Charcot was a handsome man, but not pleasant-looking. His skin had a deep bilious tinge, and his black eyes, ringed round with bistrous colour, had a ruthlessly searching expression. There was also in the clean-shaven and classical face an expression of intense thought in combination with the pride of intellect. The under-face was heavy, and, altogether, the countenance was a harsh one, in which there was no outlet for sympathetic feeling. The power to diagnose was shown in his glance, which might be termed implacable. It searched the patient through and through. There was no impenetrability for Charcot. His manner was short, but in his way he was kind to his incurables. Every day, unless on Good Friday, he was sure to be among them. Good Friday was devoted to religious music and country drives. He took no holidays except in autumn.

Charcot was truth itself, but he wanted imagination, and was for that reason unable to look with any eyes but his own upon effects and their various causes; indeed, there was lurking intolerance of any standpoint but his own. Music gave him no message touching a higher life, the expectation of which is the great sweetener of human existence and its inevitable, its agitating, its depressing fatalities. But the touch of intolerance did not manifest itself in overbearing words. He merely ceased to talk. The walls of his morning-room were covered with works of art by mystical painters. Nor was this all. He had a collection of the great mystical writers handy to read. Thomas à Kempis, Fénelon,



TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT: HEAVY MARCHING ORDER IN THE HOT WEATHER.

See "Our Illustrations."

from this choice by the fear of the sacrifices which it would oblige the family to make. So he began to walk the hospitals in 1845 as a medical student. The fifties and the sixties were a bad time for giving out what was stored in independent minds, but a good time for taking in. Charcot won his degree in 1853, and plunged into professional work. He was soon after attached to the Salpêtrière, the largest women's hospital in France, as assistant Professor of nervous diseases, and was named Professor in 1879. La Salpêtrière is at once hospital and asylum, sheltering in its many wards the old, the insane, and the hysterical, to the number of 7000. A Republican, Doctor Trélat, who was a member of the Provisional Government, was the general director. At his residence there, Charcot made the acquaintance of the millionaire tailor and art collector, Laurent Richard, whose daughter, a young widow, fell in love with him, and he married her. The wealth she brought him did not make him indolent, and it enabled him to realise his ambition to be, through patient observation and study, a great light of science. The social relations he formed at Doctor Trélat's brought him some years later into friendly intercourse with Gambetta and other men, who were willing and able to assist him to add to his lecture-room a laboratory, an anatomo-pathological museum, an electro-therapeutic ward, and a photographic studio. Whatever he asked for was given. The photographic chamber was a highly important innovation, and was greatly used under him in taking photographs of sections of diseased brains and spinal cords. A collection of portraits of neuropaths was formed. From eight in the morning the Professor spent his forenoon amid the sad population of the Salpêtrière. In the early years of his practice he paid most attention to gout and the maladies

The students, disciples, and laics—which last came in crowds—stood, some taking notes and others listening with profound attention. He flattered himself that he forced by the mere power of his will the idlers to be attentive. There was nothing he more resented than for persons of rank, whom he thought not competent to understand him, to compliment him.

Charcot was too uniformly successful not to be the butt for jealousy. This possibly was why he wished that no funeral harangue should be delivered over his coffin. He felt remorse for having treated unfortunate patients as if they had no more feeling than subjects for dissection. Many of them were irremediably lost by his experiments. Indeed, science, as it appeared to him, was double-faced, one of the faces being that of a Moloch and the other of a god of light. He was at the opposite pole of the School of Nancy and of the Charité Hospital, denying that there was psychical force behind the hypnotised or hypnotiser. These schools thought his closely materialist explanations of the marvels he produced unsatisfactory. He resented with a black look and a contemptuous scowl any expression of a wish for more light than what he vouchsafed to cast on the subjects, which he in latter years preferentially treated. Of course, no question was asked when he was engaged in giving a lesson. I only refer to what might have taken place in private conversation, when he deigned to chat with laics or disciples at his residence, which was also an art museum. He grew impatient at the glimmerings of a mystic psychology in the Charité and Nancy schools. Dumontpallier, a scientist of eminence, lost his respect because, really more scientific than Charcot, he would not deny the existence of the soul, while refraining from affirming belief in it.

Pascal, Saint François de Sale, Sainte Thérèse attracted him. He read and re-read them with interest, speaking of them as great individualities but neuropaths. They were in the nature of the diseased oyster that secretes the pearl. His collection was the most perfect that there is of paintings and other original works of art illustrative of demoniacal possession, and embraced pictures by Del Sarto, Deodato Delmont, Mateo Roselli, and Van Breughel.

Before Charcot's time the weaker sex were alone thought liable to hysteria. Charcot discovered it in the "traumatism" of the German soldiers and in the railway spine. He plainly saw it at the roof of Barbey d'Aureville's vanity and arrogant dandyism, and found an historical case in the anecdotes that Croker gives in his memoirs of the hallucinations of George IV. A few weeks back, in visiting the exhibition of portraits of the writers and journalists of the century, he classified as hysterical Baudelaire, the author of "Fleurs du Mal," and some others of the most-talked-of contemporary French authors. But he was blind to the height and depth and breadth of soul (no other word will give the impression) that was revealed in the eyes of the Abbé Grégoire in a portrait by David.

The fullest justice was done to Charcot in his lifetime. All that he did without sectarian bias is sure to last. I call sectarian his Positivism, touched with intolerance. He never bore in any degree the martyr's cross. Perhaps this is a reason why fame's immortality may not be given to him. He began to lose his power to "fascinate" his pupils some time before his death, and noticed it with sorrow. Though he despised the eulogiums of the incompetent, or wanted no conventional praise, he enjoyed feeling that he was celebrated; and well he might, for he entered by no byway the Temple of Fame.





THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.



## PERSONAL.

One of the oldest and best-known citizens of Manchester, and one of the most useful members of the

Municipal Corporation in past years, was Alderman Abel Heywood, who died on Saturday, Aug. 19, in his eighty-third year. He was a self-educated man of remarkable intelligence and of very independent character, who went not to school, but to work at the age of nine, became a printer, book-seller, and

publisher, and early distinguished himself in struggles for the liberty of the Press, being fined, and once imprisoned four months for selling unstamped periodical papers of a Chartist and secularist character. A man of strict personal and commercial integrity, and of high public spirit, equally zealous for local improvements and for the advancement of the working classes, Mr. Abel Heywood, prospering in his business, was elected to the Town Council in 1836, and though somewhat rude in speech, devoted much time and thought to its affairs, criticising freely the management of its financial and administrative departments. He was twice Mayor of Manchester, opened the new Townhall in 1877, and was twice nominated as Radical candidate for the Parliamentary representation.

Professor Carl Müller, whose death has just been announced, was an interesting instance of the results of placing a promising painter at the head of a National Museum and Academy. In the first half of the present century the Düsseldorf school of painting exerted a very distinct influence throughout Europe, and among its most successful pupils was Carl Müller. Italian travel strengthened his sense of colour as well as his natural bias for religious art; and on his return to Germany his works were in much request by the various Church bodies, chiefly Roman Catholic, which were then engaged upon the restoration and decoration of their places of worship. The reputation achieved by Carl Müller brought with it its reward or penalty. In 1857 he was made director of the Düsseldorf Academy, and from that time we may note the decline—at first gradual—of the influence of the Düsseldorf School. Its work now is characterised by a cold mannerism and hard outlines, combined with limited imaginative power, unless it be in a somewhat mawkish sentimentalism, of which Germany is still the fountain-head in art, and perhaps also in letters.

In Dr. Antoine Emile Blanche, not only France, but the world, has lost one of the greatest mad-doctors ever known, and a man whose integrity and rare humanity were as remarkable as his technical knowledge and skill. Born some seventy-three years ago in Paris, he was the eldest son of the celebrated brain specialist, Esprit Blanche, and when the latter died, in 1852, his son succeeded him, both as head of the private asylum which they had both established at Passy, and as chief medical expert in the many French criminal cases where the mental condition of prisoner or witness had to be called into question. Dr. Blanche lived at Auteuil, a pretty Paris suburb, within one station of Passy; but although a very busy man—for he had a large private practice in addition to his many official posts, and the care of a large private asylum where he received non-paying patients with quite as much kindness as those from whom he was certain of receiving a large fee—he rarely missed a private view or *première*, pictures and theatres being his only relaxations and pleasures. Dr. Blanche prided himself on being a doctor of the old school, and was never heard to advocate new methods, especially when the latter in any way implied suffering to either animal or human. He advocated treating even the most dangerous lunatics with extreme gentleness and kindness, but, like his father, he believed in legislation for the insane, and lived in hope of seeing a law making the legal marriage of members of an insane family impossible become part of the French code; for he always declared that until some such law was passed the percentage of those stricken with brain disease would increase by leaps and bounds and become a serious danger to the State.

A remarkable Frenchwoman passed away last week in the Parisian Lycée Saint-Louis. Sœur Adrien had been for sixty-four years the Infirmary Nun. Although she had seen from her quiet corner two Kings, an Emperor, and four Presidents become in turn all-powerful in Paris, her position had never changed since 1829. She scolded, doctored, and nursed many generations of French school-boys, and when the law against religious congregations was passed, and her few younger assistants wandered out into the world again, giving up the "habit" many of them had worn so long, Sœur Adrien asked to be allowed to remain, and a petition, signed by hundreds of her old boys, to whom the memory of "Sœur Dragon" was still dear, secured her position. Some few years ago the old nun was made an "Officier de l'Académie," but she never cared to wear the small violet ribbon of which French literary folk think so much. In a few days' time she would have been given the Cross of the Legion of Honour, but she died before she received the reward for her long and faithful services to the State, for the Lycée Saint-Louis has always been an integral part of French life.

Great changes are taking place in the *personnel* of the Comédie Française. M. Claretie's late visit to London

seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in its consequences, for, though the reasons given for the step are widely different, both Mademoiselle Reichenberg and M. Got, the doyen and doyenne of the Théâtre Français, are threatening to resign and leave for ever *La Maison de Molière*. The lady declares that she was not fairly treated in the matter of the distribution of rôles, and so states her intention of recommencing her professional career in a dramatic centre where she will be more appreciated. This is somewhat sad, from every point of view, for Suzanne Reichenberg made her début at the Comédie when only fifteen, and has been the pet and glory of the ancient institution for the last quarter of a century.

If M. Got sends in his resignation it will be with the view of retiring from professional life altogether. The veteran actor has had a curious career. Born seventy-one years ago next October, he was educated at the Collège Charlemagne, and while there was class-mate with Louis Philippe's sons. He gave up his chance of a good professional career in order to study at the Conservatoire, with a view to the stage, and there became a pupil of Provost, and obtained the first prize for comedy in his twenty-first year. The Conscription then claimed him for its own, and he was fortunate enough to find himself placed in a regiment commanded by his old schoolfellow the Duc d'Aumale, and shortly after he obtained by special favour a short leave, which enabled him to make his début at the Théâtre Français, where he immediately scored a great success.

M. Got was made a Sociétaire in 1850, and during the last forty years he may be said to have been the leading modern comique of the Comédie. He created most of Emile Augier's great rôles, and in the old répertoire his Sganarelle, Petit-Jean, and Trissotin will long be remembered as veritable creations. Of late years M. Got has held the principal comedy class at the Conservatoire, and some of the best known actors and actresses of the day are proud of having been his pupils.

Europe is satiated with military adventurers, but they still have plenty of opportunities in America. General Gonzales, who recently died in New York, took an active part in the long and fruitless struggle for Cuban independence. He was engaged in the futile insurrection in 1851, and aided General Lopez in a subsequent expedition which cost that officer his life. Lopez was garrotted by the Spaniards, but Gonzales fell into the hands of the Americans. Possibly out of gratitude to his humane captors, he took a hand in the American Civil War, and became General Beauregard's chief of staff. In 1870 another turn of the wheel brought a pardon from the Spanish Government, and Gonzales spent some time in his native Cuba, without any further zest for warlike enterprise.

There used to be people who were sceptical about the existence of centenarians, but now the once-disputed longevity is taken as a matter of course. At Ravensworth Mr. Thomas Ironsides—a good healthy name—died suddenly at the age of 102, if death can be said to have any suddenness for one so aged. Mr. Ironsides was once a soldier, as became his Cromwellian name. He served both in the foot and the cavalry. He does not appear to have had any remarkable recollections, and the most wonderful thing about him is that "during the whole of a long life he never slept a single night away from his own house." How Mr. Ironsides managed this when he was in the cavalry and the foot is not explained; but many a recruit would like to know the secret.

Many lovers of classical sacred music, twenty years ago perhaps, or before or since, during the long period of the late Rev. Nugent Wade's incumbency of St. Anne's, Soho, found their way into that unfamiliar quarter of London



THE LATE REV. CANON WADE.

to hear Bach's Passion Music in the season of Lent. The vocal performance, thoroughly well organised and exquisitely correct in execution, was a high treat to the cultivated ear and mind, and was far more impressive, to religious sensibility, than that of celebrated singers in the grandest oratorios. Its completeness was in great measure due to the skill of the parish

clergyman's two sons, one of whom, Mr. George Wade, has earned honours at the Royal Academy of Music. The Rev. Nugent Wade, a genial Irishman of the Protestant Church, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, took orders in 1833, held a foreign chaplaincy, and came to London in 1839, as incumbent of St. Paul's, Finsbury, but was presented to the rectory in Soho by Bishop Blomfield, in 1846. This charge he continued to hold until 1872, and did special work in establishing a mission chapel in Crown Street, and in setting up a House of Charity. Since 1872 he has been a Canon of Bristol Cathedral, and has aided in the improvement of its services and in the restoration of the separate episcopal see.

One of the curiosities of the French elections is the employment of our language as an electioneering agent. M. Clémenceau has been pursued by an English exclamation. When he has addressed his constituents, the enemy in the crowd has shouted "Oh, yes!" The walls of the Department of the Var have been placarded with this apparently inoffensive phrase. When M. Clémenceau's opponents have not cried "Oh, yes!" they have varied it with "Rosbif." There is a subtle significance in these words. "Oh, yes!" means "You are the agent of perfidious Albion," and "Rosbif" means "Your pockets are stuffed with British gold." Imagine any party in this country starting the cry that Lord Rosebery was in the pay of France, and greeting his public appearances with "Bon jour," or "Comment vous portez vous?" as satire on his flagitious conduct!

At the venerable age of ninety, the benevolent Quaker and wealthy tea-merchant, John Horniman, of Coombe



THE LATE MR. JOHN HORNIMAN.

Cliffe, Croydon, died on Aug. 12, having retired, in 1869, from the business now carried on by Messrs. H. and F. J. Horniman and Co. in the City of London. He was a native of Reading, the town long associated with the good and prudent life of another worthy Quaker, the late George Palmer. The Society of Friends is not a numerous body, and its shining lights of character, when they show the right use of worldly riches, are moral beacons in sight of the careless generality of Christians. It need scarcely be stated that the Anti-Slavery Society, the Peace Society, the Howard Association, and the Temperance Society found in him a strenuous supporter, as well as several of the home and foreign religious missions; and to the Friends' meeting-houses and schools he was ever ready to contribute, while his private bounty to distressed applicants was guided by wise discernment.

The clerical life of London will miss another of its familiar figures by the sudden death in North Devon of the Rev. J. M. Fuller. Some thirty-five years ago he had just graduated at Cambridge, and was carrying off one after another of the theological prizes and scholarships. As he showed no great proficiency in mathematics or classics, it was in those days something of a triumph that Fuller should have obtained a Fellowship. All his clerical work was done in London until he accepted from Countess Sydney the living of Bexley. He returned to it in 1883, as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, a post now vacated by his death. His reign as editorial secretary of the S.P.C.K. was not a long one, nor was it a work for which he was altogether fitted. A laborious and careful commentator, he was more at home in the work he did on Old Testament Books for the "Speaker's Commentary," and in "boiling down" that extensive series for Mr. Murray's "Student's Edition."

Now the weather is cool again, the slave of custom, who was driven by the temperature to abandon his tall hat and black coat, is gazing at himself guiltily in the mirror, and wondering whether it is decent to venture out in a straw hat and without a waistcoat. Never has the rigorous etiquette of dress in London gone through such a trial. There are men who gallantly withstood the heat in clothes thick enough for January. They felt that if they yielded, nothing worth preserving in England would be safe. The Church might go and the law of bankruptcy, if the uniform of respectability were wholly cast aside. These heroes who have come through the ordeal by fire, gaze contemptuously at the weaker brethren who forgot the bulwarks of society, and thought of nothing but their personal comfort. And now they are furtively resuming their old attire, and trying to look as if they had not behaved treasonably to our most ancient institutions.

People who bewailed the discomfort of the hot weather may feel a little abashed when they read the story of Don Unia. This devoted priest spent some time in a settlement of lepers in South America, where the ordinary temperature varied from 86 deg. to 95 deg. He performed the religious offices for hundreds of poor suffering creatures who were a terror to look upon, and visited them several times a day at the peril of his life. The settlement contained a number of children, the progeny of the lepers, quite free from the terrible disease, which, it seems, rarely attacks them till late in life. Don Unia's experiences might be profitably studied by the philosophers who are gravely discussing the question whether suicide for "trivial motives" should be encouraged. The whole story from the lazaretto of Santa Fé de Bogota is a tonic to the hysteria of well-advertised egotism.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has remained at Osborne House, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Queen goes to Balmoral on Monday, Aug. 28.

The death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, the elder brother of the late Prince Consort, at midnight, Aug. 22, must be an occasion of sorrow to our Queen and all the royal family. The Duke of Edinburgh was present at his uncle's decease. It is considered at Coburg unnecessary to appoint a Regency; arrangements, it is reported, have been made whereby Prince Alfred of Edinburgh takes the succession in place of his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is the nearest heir, but who, in the year 1885, is understood to have ceded his claim in favour of his son. Prince Alfred was born at Buckingham Palace, on Oct. 15, 1874, and was declared of age, in the most solemn manner, at Coburg, on Oct. 15, 1892. In June of this year he suffered from scarlatina, occasioning some anxiety by reason of his delicacy of health. The Duke of Edinburgh has taken up his quarters at Reinhardtstrunn.

The Prince of Wales has gone to Homburg, where, on Monday, Aug. 21, with the Duke of Cambridge, he met the Empress Frederick, on her arrival from Athens.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, who have gone to Norway, landed in Hardanger Fjord on Aug. 21, and visited Odde, going on next day to Bergen, intending a tour of the northern fjords. They will proceed in the royal yacht Osborne to Copenhagen, where they will meet the Greek royal family.

A peerage has been conferred on Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, G.C.M.G., who is a younger son of the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, Prime Minister in 1853 and 1854, and who has been Governor of New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, Mauritius, and Ceylon. He is now created Baron Stanmore. His Lordship is sixty years of age, and is brother-in-law to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre.

The colliers' strike in South Wales has occasioned alarming conflicts with the men of Ebbw Vale, who decline to stop work. They were attacked, on Aug. 17, by a large force of strikers from Blaenavon and adjoining villages, who advanced to the outskirts of the town of Ebbw Vale and held a mass meeting on the hillside. A number of the Ebbw Vale men, armed with sticks, went out and fought with the other party, who were completely routed and chased for some distance, several of them being severely injured. Neither the police nor the soldiers took any part in the affray, having formed across the road with the purpose of preventing the invaders from entering the town. At the request of the South Wales coalowners, 1100 troops and a large number of police have been distributed over the district to protect those who are willing to work. On Tuesday, Aug. 21, an abortive attempt was made by the men of the Rhondda Valley to march in a threatening procession from Pontypridd, by way of Merthyr and Dowlais, to Ebbw Vale, but the rain and the fatigue caused them to disperse on the road. A large majority of the Merthyr colliers have voted for resuming work. At Aberavon and Port Talbot, over 1500 tinplate workers have been thrown out of employment by the intimidation exercised by the strikers at the collieries which supply the works with fuel.

A monument to Scottish American soldiers who took part in the Civil War, erected mainly through the efforts of Mr. Wallace Bruce, United States Consul, has been unveiled in the Old Calton Burying-ground, Edinburgh. It consists of a bronze statue of Lincoln represented as freeing the slaves, by Mr. George Bisset, of New York. Sir William Arrol, who presided, said many of the Scottish American soldiers who took part in the Civil War had returned to their native land. Mr. Wallace Bruce, who is leaving the Consulship, was entertained at luncheon by the Edinburgh Corporation, and was presented with a handsome loving-cup in recognition of his services to Scottish literature.

The sixth festival of the Co-operative Association, presided over by Mr. Hodgson Pratt, with Mr. E. Greening, Mr. J. G. Holyoake, the Hon. T. A. Brassey, and other leading promoters, was opened at the Crystal Palace on Friday, Aug. 18. This "Labour Association for promoting co-operative production, based on the co-partnership of the worker," has now eleven thousand members; and its connection includes about fifty productive industrial societies or partnerships, with a large and steadily increasing percentage of profits, and with an annual accumulation of one million capital, after paying to the workmen "living wages." Mr. Hodgson Pratt, in his address at the festival, said that these productive societies found a market in the co-operative stores for the working classes, but they could and would ultimately do much more in the general public market. There was an exhibition, in the concert-room, of textile goods, boots and shoes, watches, furniture, cutlery, and pottery, and a show of flowers, fruit, and vegetables in the nave, open during several days.

The elections to the Chamber of Deputies in France will have returned about 300 Moderate Republicans, the full number of the Chamber being 580, while the Conservatives have fifty seats; the "Rallied" section of the Catholics, who accept the Republic, have fifteen, the Radicals and Socialists together have 112, and the Boulangists only six. The Royalist party has lost more than fifty seats, and the most conspicuous Boulangists have been defeated at the poll.

At Aigues-Mortes, in the marshes of the Rhone, on the south coast of France, a number of Italians employed in

the salt-works have been assailed by the Frenchmen, and in the fighting there were fifteen killed and sixty wounded. The French Government has suspended the Mayor for neglect on this occasion. This affair has excited much popular indignation in Italy; and in Rome, on the night of Aug. 20, a mob attempted to attack the French Embassy, but it was protected by the Italian troops. At Naples, Messina, Milan, and Genoa, there have been demonstrations of anger, with insults to the French Consulates.

An important political speech has been made by Prince Bismarck at Kissingen, in Bavaria, at his reception of a thousand visitors from Thuringia. Speaking of the means of preserving the unity of the German Empire, he made a vigorous attack on the policy of the Emperor and his present advisers. "They are bent," he said, "on creating strict Imperial centralisation, with entire disregard to the other German dynasties; but the German will always stick to his immediate Sovereign, and the German Princes, on the other hand, will always support the unity of the Empire."

The Emperor of Austria, on Sept. 9, goes to Hungary for the military manoeuvres to be held in the Körösthál. On Sept. 13 his Majesty returns to Vienna to meet the Duke of Connaught, with whom his Imperial Majesty and the King of Saxony will travel to Koszeg; and will there be joined by the Emperor William and suite. The

Exhibition, on Aug. 20, the "British day" was celebrated with a procession of the representatives of the exhibitors and agencies from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from Canada, Australia, the West Indies, the Cape, and the Indian Empire, parading in front of Victoria House, the headquarters of the British section, and attending in the festival hall a grand meeting for speeches and music.

The British Indian Government has at length decided upon a scheme of compensation to all its civil and military servants for the loss caused to them in private by the alteration in the rate of exchange and the depreciation of the silver rupee in relation to the English pound sterling, long felt as a most serious grievance. Every such official person will henceforth be able to remit to Europe one-half of his salary, up to the limit of £1000 yearly, at a privileged rate of exchange, fixed at eighteenpence for the rupee. The original value of the rupee was two shillings.

Confidence in the stability of the Indian currency reforms has received a serious shock since it became known that the Secretary of State had sold Council drafts at 15½d. the rupee. The consequence was that Government securities and exchange fell heavily. The absence of a demand for Council drafts is due to the over-abundance of silver.

It is rumoured that there is danger of renewed disturbances at Khelat, notwithstanding the voluntary resignation of the Khan. The Indian Government has ordered two squadrons of cavalry, two guns, and a native infantry regiment to proceed to Quetta.

There is a report that M. Le Myre de Vilers, the French Plenipotentiary to Siam, has taken with him an application for the concession of a French canal across the Malay Peninsula. It would allow ships to take a short cut to Saigon without passing through the Straits of Malacca, and would be important from a political as well as from a commercial point of view.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The very sudden death of the Rev. J. M. Fuller, Vicar of Bexley, deprives the Church of England of one of her ablest, most learned, and most useful ministers. Mr. Fuller was staying for a holiday at Ilfracombe, and had gone for a long drive with his wife and son. At their first halting place, while speaking in his cheerful way, he fell back and suddenly expired. Mr. Fuller, who was Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, London, first became known by his exposition of Daniel in the "Speaker's Commentary"—perhaps the ablest defence of the orthodox view. He was then employed to condense the "Speaker's Commentary" into the "Student's Commentary"—a task he accomplished with great skill. But the chief work of his life was the preparation of the new edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary. This immense labour lasted over nearly ten years, and the combination of work and worry was, I fear, too much for Mr. Fuller. Unhappily, also, the publisher declined to go on with the revision past the first volume—so that all Mr. Fuller's toil ended in a distressing fiasco. He had resolved to take as much rest as possible for a year or two, and had given up some of his engagements—a sure sign in a man of his nature that he had overtaxed his strength.

The Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Goe, is in conflict with the High Churchmen of his diocese. To All Saints', Melbourne, a large and fashionable parish, governed for many years on High Church lines, he has presented Canon Potter, an Evangelical clergyman. The congregation had fixed its affections on Canon Green, of Glenelg, but the Bishop carried his point. It is alleged that the candidates for ordination in the Melbourne diocese are of inferior standing, socially and intellectually, none of the deacons at the last two ordinations possessing a University degree.

Eighteen hundred pounds has been raised by the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, to remove the internal disfigurements of the church, and restore it to the state in which it came from the hands of Sir Christopher Wren. There is a resident population of one thousand persons, and the day services are frequent and fairly well attended.

There is some excitement about alleged practices in St. Michael's, Shoreditch. It is said that candles are lighted before the figure of the Virgin Mary, and that candles are on sale in the church for those who wish to worship at her shrine. The *Church Times* says: "The more really Catholic we are the better; but may God in His mercy preserve His English Church from New Romanism such as is indicated by burning tapers before pictures or carved figures of the saints, however exalted." The Bishop of Lincoln's authority is quoted in deprecation of the practice of the invocation and worship of the saints.

The Reunion Conference at Lucerne is considered to have been very successful this year, the number of attendants being unusually large. There seems to be a future for this kind of thing, where the pleasures of foreign travel are combined with the advantages of congenial society and opportunities for friendly discussion.

Bishop Ellicott has gone to his favourite Swiss resort, Bel Alp, where he is to stay for three weeks.

A Nonconformist deputation will present an address to the Birmingham Church Congress. The spokesman will (if his health permits) be Dr. R. W. Dale, who, although a leading advocate of Disestablishment, is very popular among Churchmen, his theological books being much read by Anglicans.

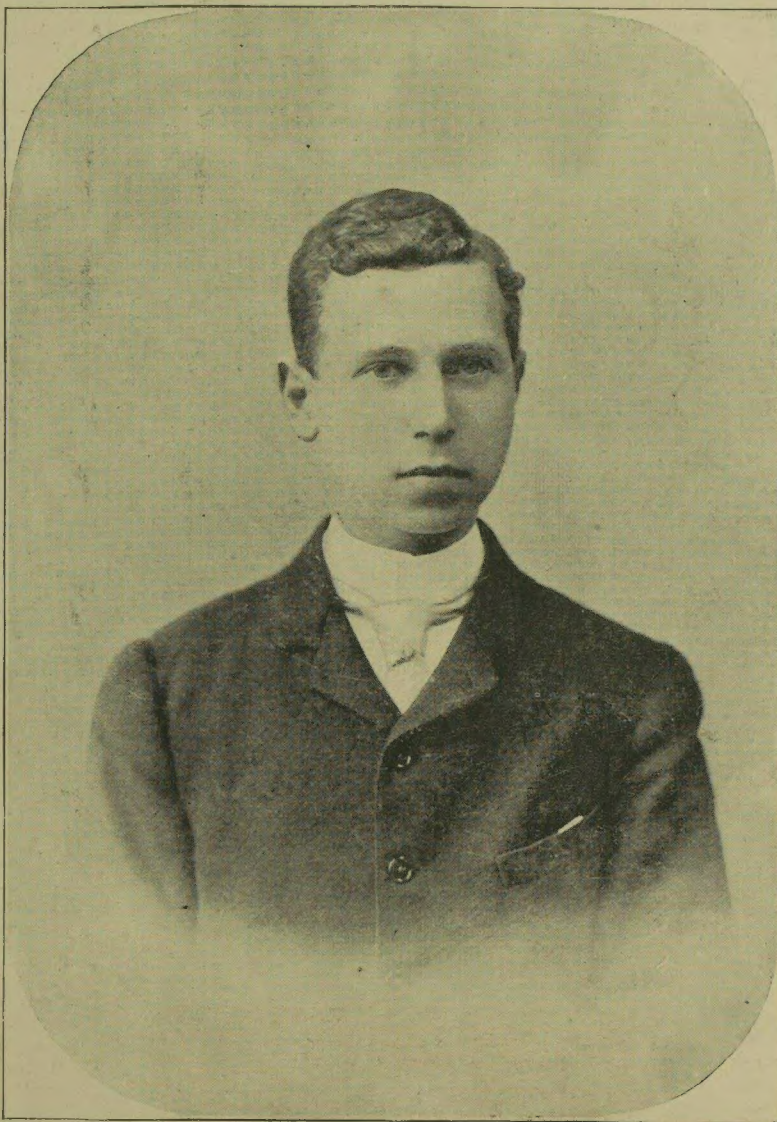


Photo by E. Chlenhuth, Coburg.

PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH, THE NEW DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.

Imperial party are to be present at the manoeuvres of four army corps in the neighbourhood of Koszeg, and they will proceed to Belye, on the Danube, to shoot over the estates of the Archduke Albrecht.

A terrible colliery accident is reported from Dortmund, in Westphalia, where, owing to an explosion of firedamp in one of the pits, more than fifty miners lost their lives and a great number were injured.

King Humbert, of Italy, the Prince of Naples, and Prince Henry of Prussia arrived on Sunday, Aug. 20, off the island of Maddalena, on board the Italian cruiser Savoia. They inspected the fortifications of Caprera, and visited the tomb of Garibaldi. The royal party were received by Signor Menotti Garibaldi, the General's son, and inscribed their names in the visitors' book kept in the Mortuary Chamber.

The United States Congress is expected soon to pass the Bill for the repeal of the Sherman Act which obliges the Federal Treasury monthly to purchase and coin a certain amount of silver. The Bill has been favourably reported upon by the Committee of the Senate, declaring it to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, the coinage of both, as well as to use the efforts of the Government to establish a safe system of bi-metalism.

The depression of trade in the United States of America has caused the stoppage of one-third of the cotton-mills in New England and in the Middle States. It is ascribed to uncertainty about tariff and currency legislation.

The Chinese labourers in California have again been attacked with fierce violence by mobs of American rioters. In the San Joaquin Valley, on Aug. 19, there was a conflict to drive away those employed in the vineyards, and some of them were killed.

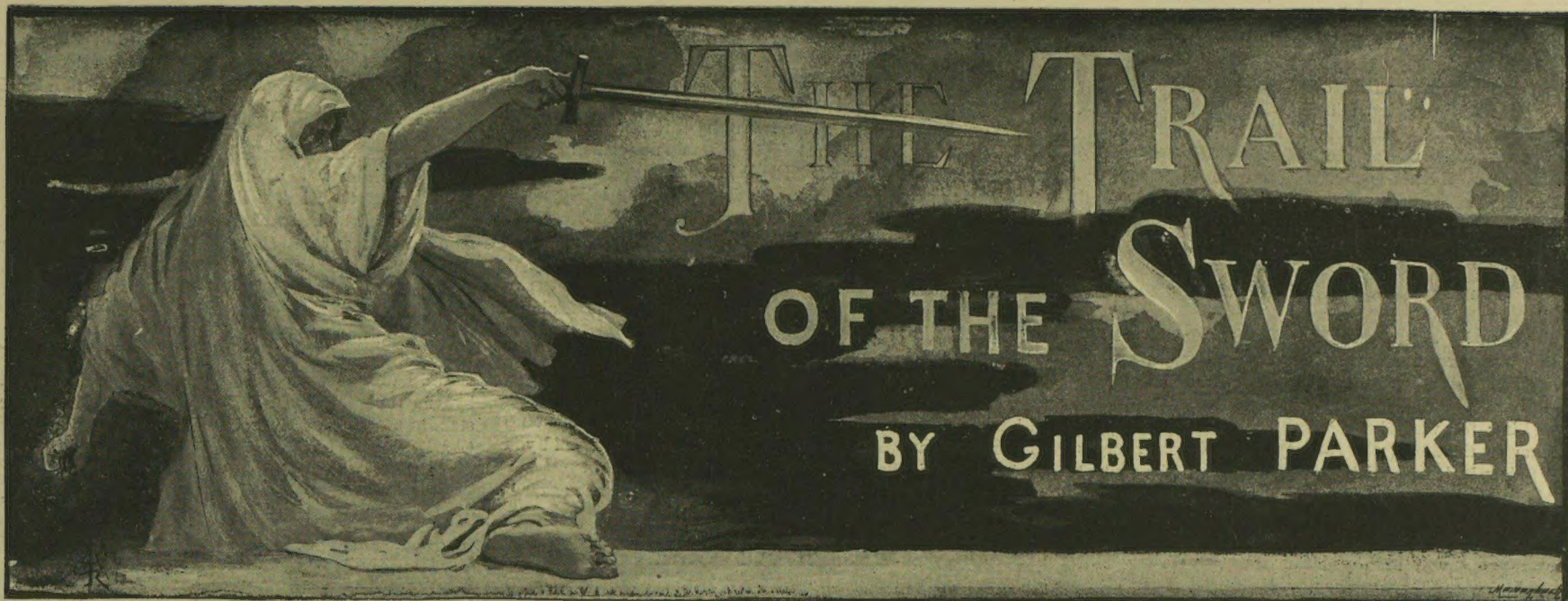
At the Chicago "World's Fair," or Great International





WALKING THE PLANK.





## EPOCH THE THIRD.

## CHAPTER XII.

"AS WATER UNTO WINE."

Three months after the events of the preceding chapter, George Gering was joyfully preparing to take two voyages. Perhaps, indeed, his keen taste for the one had much to do with his eagerness for the other—though most men find getting gold as cheerful as getting married. He had received a promise of marriage from Jessica Leveret, and he was also soon to start with William Phips for the Spaniards' country. His return to New York with the news of the capture of the Hudson's Bay posts brought consternation. There was no angrier man in all America than Colonel Richard Nicholls; there was, perhaps, no more agitated a girl in all the world than Jessica, then a guest at Government House, New York. Her father was there also, cheerfully awaiting her marriage with Gering, whom, since he had lost most traces of Puritanism, he liked. He had long suspected the girl's interest in Iberville. If he had known that two letters from him—unanswered—had been treasured, read, and re-read, he would have been anxious. That his daughter should marry a Frenchman—a filibustering seigneur—a Roman Catholic, the enemy of the British colonies, whose fellow-countrymen incited the Indians to massacre and to harass, was not to be borne.

Besides, the Honourable Hogarth Leveret, whose fame in the colony was often in peril, because of his Cavalier propensities, could not bear that himself should sink and carry his daughter with him—for poverty, even then, men could not view with equanimity. Jessica was the apple of his eye. For her he would have endured all sorts of trials, but he could not bear to see her called on to endure them. Like most people out of the heyday of their own youth, he imagined the way a maid's fancy ought to go.

If he had known how much his daughter's promise to marry Gering would cost her he would not have had it. But, indeed, she did not herself guess it. She had, with the dreamy pleasure of a young girl, dwelt upon an event which might justifiably hold her delighted memory. Distance, difference of race, language, and life, all surrounded Iberville with an engaging fascination. Besides, what woman could forget a man who gave her escape from a fate such as Bucklaw had prepared for her? But she saw, as she thought, the hopelessness of the matter; everything was steadily acting in Gering's favour; and her father's trouble decided her at last!

When Gering arrived at New York, and told his story—to his credit, with no especial dispraise of Iberville—rather as a soldier—she felt a pang greater than she had ever known. Like a good British maid, she was angry at the defeat of the British; she was indignant at her lover's defeat, and proud of his brave escape, and she would have herself believe that she was angry at Iberville! But it was no use. She was ill-content while her father and others called him a buccaneer and filibuster, and she joyed that old William Drayton, who had ever spoken well of the young Frenchman, laughed at their insults, saying that he was as brave, comely, and fine-tempered a lad as he had ever met, and that the capture of the forts was genius: "Genius and pith, upon my soul! and if he comes this way he shall have a right hearty welcome, though he come to fight!" he said.

In the first excitement of Gering's return, sorry for his sufferings, and regretting his injured ambition, she had suddenly put her hands in his, and had given her word to marry him.

She was young, and a young girl does not always know which it is that moves her: the melancholy of the impossible, from which she sinks in a kind of peaceful despair upon the possible, or the flush of a deep desire. She acts in an atmosphere of the emotions, and cannot, therefore, be sure of herself. But when it was done there came reaction. In the solitude of her own room—the room above the hall-way, from which she had gone to be captured by Bucklaw!—she had misgivings. If she had been asked if she loved Iberville, she might have answered No. But he was a possible lover; and every woman weighs the possible lover against the accepted one—often, at first, to fluttering apprehensions. In this brief reaction, many a woman's heart has been caught away.

A few days after Gering's arrival he was obliged to push on to Boston, there to meet Phips. He hoped that Mr. Leveret and Jessica would accompany him, but Governor Nicholls would not hear of it just yet. Truth is, wherever the girl went she was light, sunshine, and cheerfulness, although her ways were quiet and her sprightliness was more in her looks than in her actions. She was impulsive, but impulse was ruled by a reserve at once delicate and unembarrassed. She was as much beloved in the town of New York as in Boston, where her life had been chiefly spent.



"We will have to give him freedom, councillor, eh? even though we proclaimed him, you remember."



Two days after Gering left she was wandering in the garden, when the Governor joined her.

"Well, well, my pretty councillor," he said—"an hour to cheer an old man's leisure?"

"As many as you please," putting her hand in his arm. "I am so very cheerful I need to shower the surplus." There was a smile at her lips, but her eyes were misty. Large, brilliant, gentle, they had now also a singular bewildered expression, which even the rough old soldier detected. He did not understand, but he drew the hand further within his arm, and held it there.

He was puzzled, and for the instant he knew not what to say. The girl did not speak. She only kept looking at him with a kind of inward smiling. Presently, as if he had suddenly lighted upon a piece of news for the difficulty, he said: "Radisson has come."

"Radisson!" she cried.

"Yes. You know 'twas he that helped George to escape?"

"Indeed, no!" she answered. "Mr. Gering did not tell me." She was perplexed, annoyed, yet she knew not why.

Gering had not brought Radisson into New York—had, indeed, forbidden him to come there, or to Boston, until word was given him; for, while he felt bound to let the scoundrel go with him to the Spaniards' country, he could never forget that the fellow had been with Bucklaw. But Radisson had no scruples when Gering was gone, though the proclamation against him had never been withdrawn.

"We will have to give him freedom, councillor, eh? even though we proclaimed him, you remember." He laughed. "You would demand that, yea or nay?"

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Now, give me wisdom, all ye saints! Why—why? Faith, he helped your lover from the clutches of the French coxcomb!"

"Indeed," she answered, "such a villain helps but for absurd benefits. Mr. Gering might have remained in the hands of Monsieur Iberville in honour and safety at least. And why a coxcomb? You had a different opinion once. You cannot doubt his bravery. Enemy of our country though he be, I am surely bound to speak him well—he saved my life."

"Wise as ever, councillor. What an old bear am I! When I called him coxcomb, 'twas as an Englishman hating a Frenchman, who gave our tongues to gall. A handful of posts gone, a ship gone to the spoiler, the governor of the Company a prisoner, and our young commander's reputation at some trial! My temper was pardonable, eh, mistress?"

The girl smiled, and added: "There was good reason why Mr. Gering did not bring Radisson here; and I should beware that man. A traitor is always a traitor, no matter on which side he fights. He is French too, and as a good Englishman you should hate *all* Frenchmen, should you not?"

"Merciless witch! Where get you that wit? If I must, I kneel." He groaned in mock despair. "And if Monsieur Iberville should come knocking at our door you would have me welcome him lovingly?"

"Assuredly: there is peace, is there not? Has not the King, because of his friendship for Louis, commanded all goodwill between us and Canada?"

The Governor laughed bitterly. "Much pity that he has! How can we live at peace with those buccaneers?"

Their talk was interrupted here, but a few days later, in the same garden, Morris came to them. "A vessel enters the harbour," he said, "and its commander sends this letter."

An instant after the Governor turned a perplexed face on the girl. "Your counsel of the other day is put to rapid test, Jessica. This comes from Monsieur, who would pay his respects to me."

He handed the note to her. It said that Iberville had brought prisoners whom he was willing to exchange for French prisoners in the hands of Governor Nicholls.

Entering New York harbour with a single vessel showed in a strong light Iberville's bold, almost reckless, courage. The humour of it was not lost on Jessica, though she had turned pale, and the paper fluttered in her fingers.

"What will you do?" she said.

"I will treat him as well as he will let me."

Two hours after, Iberville came up the street with Saint Hélène, De Casson, and Perrot—De Troyes had gone to Quebec—accompanied by Morris and an officer of the New York Militia. There was no enmity shown the Frenchmen, for many remembered what had once made Iberville popular in New York. Indeed, Iberville, whose memory was of the best, now and again accosted some English or Dutch resident, whose face he recalled.

The Governor was not at first cordial; but Iberville's cheerful soldierliness, his courtier spirit, and the way he had treated his prisoners soon placed him on a footing, if more formal, as outwardly friendly as that of years before. The Governor praised his growing reputation, and at last asked him to dine, saying that Mistress Leveret would no doubt be glad to meet her rescuer again.

"I doubt not," said the Governor, "there will be embarrassment, for the lady can scarce forget that you had her lover prisoner. But these fortunes are to be endured. Besides, you and Mr. Gering seem as naturally enemies as other men are friends."

Iberville was amazed. So Jessica and Gering were affianced! And the buckle she had sent him he wore in the folds of his lace! How could he know what comes from a woman's wavering sympathies, what from her inborn coquetry, and what from love itself? He was merely a man with much to learn.

He accepted dinner, and said: "As for Monsieur Gering, we are as naturally enemies, I suppose, as he and Radisson are comrades-in-arms."

"Which is harshly put, Monsieur. When a man is breaking prison he chooses any tool. You put a slight upon an honest gentleman."

"I fear that neither Mr. Gering nor myself are too generous with each other."

This frankness was pleasing, and soon the Governor took Iberville into his sister's drawing-room, where Jessica was. She was standing by the great fireplace. She did not move at first, but gave Iberville something of her old simple inquiring look. Then she offered him her hand with a quiet smile.

"I fear you are not glad to see me," he said. "You cannot have had good reports of me—no?"

"Yes, I am glad," she answered gently. "You know, Monsieur, mine is a constant debt. You do not come to me, I presume, as the conqueror of Englishmen."

"I come to you," he answered, "as Pierre le Moyne of Iberville, who had once the honour to do you slight service. I have never tried to forget that, because by it I hoped I might be remembered—a fortunate accident for me."

She bowed, and at first did not speak. Morris came to say that someone awaited the Governor. The two were left alone.

"I have not forgotten," she began softly.

"You will think me bold, but I believe you will never forget."

"Yes, you are bold," she replied, with the demure smile which had charmed him long ago. Suddenly she looked up at him with a strange, anxious expression: "Why did you go to Hudson's Bay?"

"I would have gone ten times as far for the same cause," and he looked boldly, meaningly, into her eyes.

She turned her head away. "You have all your old recklessness," she answered. Then her eyes softened. "All your old courage."

"I have all my old motive."

"What is—your motive?"

Does a woman never know how much such speeches cost? Did Jessica quite know, when she asked the question, what her own motive was: how much it had of delicate malice—unless there was behind it a simple sincerity? She was inviting sorrow. A man like Iberville was not to be counted lightly. For every word he sowed, he would reap a harvest of some kind.

He came close to her, and looked as though he would read her through and through. "Can you ask that question?" he said. "If you ask it, because, from your soul, you wish to know, good! But if you ask it as a woman who would read a man's heart, and then—"

"Oh, hush!—hush!" Her face went pale, and her eyes had a painful brightness. "You must not answer. I had no right to ask. Oh, Monsieur!" she added, "I would have you always for my friend, if I could, though you are the enemy of my country and of the man—I am going to marry."

"I am for my King," he replied, "and I am the enemy of him who stands between you and me. For, see: from the hour that I met you I knew that some day, even as now, I should tell you that—I love you!"

"Oh, have pity!" she pleaded. "I cannot listen."

"You shall listen! for you have remembered me and understood. *Voilà!*" he added, hastily catching her silver shoe-buckle from his bosom: "This that you sent me: look where I have kept it—on my heart!"

She drew back from him, her face in her hands. Then, suddenly, she put them out, as though to prevent him coming near her, and said—

"Oh, no!—no! You will spare me! I am an affianced wife." An appealing smile shone through her tears. "Oh, will you not go?" she begged. "Or, will you not stay and forget what you have said? We are strangers. I scarcely know you. I—"

"We are no strangers!" he broke in. "How can that be, when for years I have thought of you—you of me? But I am content to wait. You—"

She came to him, and put her hands upon his arm. "You remember," she said, with a touch of her old gaiety and an inimitable grace, "what good friends we were that first day. Let us be the same now—for this time, at least. Will you not grant me this for to-day?"

"And to-morrow?" he asked, inwardly determining to stay in the port of New York, and to carry her off as his wife; but, unlike Bucklaw, with her consent.

At that moment the Governor returned, and Iberville's question was never answered. Nor did he dine at Government House, for word secretly came that English ships were coming from Boston to capture him and his vessel. He had, therefore, no other recourse but to sail out and push on for Quebec. He would not peril the lives of his men merely to follow his will with Jessica.

What might have occurred had he stayed is not, perhaps, easy to say—fortunes turn on strange trifles. The girl, under the influence of his masterful spirit and the rare charm of his manner, might have—as many another has—broken her troth.

As it was, she wrote Iberville a letter and sent it by a courier, who never delivered it. By the same fatality, of the letters which he wrote her only one was received. It told her that, when he returned from a certain cruise he would visit her again, for he was such an enemy to her country that he was determined to win what did it most honour.

Gering had pressed for a marriage before he sailed for the Spaniards' country, but she had said no, and when he urged it had shown a sudden coldness. Therefore, bidding her good-bye, he had sailed away with Phips, accompanied, much against his will, by Radisson. Bucklaw was not with them. He had set sail from England in a trading schooner, and was to join Phips at Port de la Plata. Gering did not know that Bucklaw had any share in the expedition, nor did Bucklaw guess that Gering was to come. There was likely to be trouble.

Within two weeks of the time that Phips, in his Bridgewater Merchant, manned by a full crew, twenty fighting men, and twelve guns, with Gering in command of the Swallow, a smaller ship, got away to the south, Iberville also sailed in the same direction. He had found awaiting him, on his return to

Quebec, a priest bearing messages and a chart from another priest who had died in the Spaniards' country!

## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN WHICH THE HUNTERS ARE OUT.

Iberville had a good ship. The Maid of Provence carried a handful of guns and a small but carefully chosen crew, together with Saint Hélène, Perrot, and the lad Maurice Joval, who had conceived for Iberville friendship nigh to adoration. Those were days when the young were encouraged to adventure, and Iberville had no compunction in giving the boy this further taste of daring.

Iberville, thorough sailor as he was, had chosen for his captain one who had sailed the Spanish Main. He had commanded on merchant ships which had been suddenly turned into men-of-war, and was suited to the present enterprise: taciturn, harsh of voice, singularly impatient, and occasionally gentle in an awkward way. He had come to Quebec late the previous autumn, with the remnants of a ship which, rotten when she left the port of Havre, had sprung a leak in mid-ocean, had encountered a storm, had lost her mainmast, and by the time she reached the St. Lawrence had scarce a stick standing. She was still at Quebec, tied up in the bay of St. Charles, from which she would probably go out no more. The captain—Jean Berigord—had chafed on the bit in the little Hôtel Colbert, making himself more feared than liked, till, one day, Iberville was taken to him by Perrot.

A bargain was soon struck. The nature of the expedition was not known in Quebec, for the sailors were not engaged till the eve of starting, and Perrot's men were ready at his bidding without why or wherefore. Indeed, when the Maid of Provence left the Island of Orleans, her nose seawards one fine July morning of 1687, the only two persons in Quebec that knew her destination were the priest who had brought Iberville the chart of the river, with its accurate location of the sunken galleon, Iberville's brothers, and Count Frontenac himself—returned again as Governor!

"See, Monsieur Iberville," said the Governor, as, with a fine show of compliment, in full martial dress, with Longueuil Serigny, and Chateaugay in gold lace, perukes, powder, swords, and ribbons, he bade Iberville good-bye—"See, my dear captain, that you find the treasure, or make these greedy English pay dear if they get it. They have a long start, but that is nothing, with a ship under you that can show its heels to any craft. I care not so much about the treasure, but I pray you humble those dull Puritans, who turn buccaneers in the name of the Lord."

Iberville made a gallant reply, and, with Saint Hélène, received a hearty farewell from the old soldier, who, now over seventy years of age, was as full of spirit as when he distinguished himself at Arras half a century before. In Iberville he saw his own youth renewed, and he foresaw the high part he would yet play in the fortunes of New France. Iberville had got to the door, and was bowing himself out, when, with a quick gesture, Frontenac stopped him. The Governor stepped quickly forward, and, clasping his shoulders, kissed him on each cheek, and said, in a deep kind voice, "I know, *mon enfant*, what lies behind this. A man pays the price one time or another. He draws his sword for his mistress and his King: both forget, but one's country remains—remains!"

Iberville said nothing, but with an admiring glance into the aged, iron face, stooped and kissed Frontenac's hand, and withdrew silently. Frontenac, proud, impatient, tyrannical, was the one man in New France who had a powerful idea of the future of the country, and who loved her and his King by the law of a loyal nature. Like Wolsey, he had found his King ungrateful, and had stood almost alone in Canada among his enemies as at Versailles among his traducers—imperious, unyielding, and yet forgiving. Married at an early age, his young wife, caring little for the duties of maternity and more eager to serve her own ambitions than his, left him that she might share the fortunes of Mademoiselle de Montpensier!

Iberville had mastered the chart before he sailed, and when they were well on their way he disclosed to the captain the object of their voyage.

Berigord listened to all he had to say, and at first did no more than blow tobacco-smoke hard before him. "Let me see the chart," he said at last. He scrutinised it carefully. "Yes, yes, 'tis right enough. I've been in the port and up the river. But neither we nor the English 'll get a handful of gold or silver thereabouts. 'Tis throwing good money after none at all."

"The money is mine, Captain," said Iberville, good-humouredly. "There will be sport, and I ask but that you give me every chance you can."

"Look then, Monsieur," replied the smileless man, "I'll run your ship for all she holds from here to hell, if you twist your finger. She's as good a craft as ever I spoke, and I'll swear her for any weather. The fighting and the gold as you and the devil agree!"

Iberville wished nothing better: a captain concerned only with his own duties. Berigord gathered the crew and the divers on deck, and in a half-dozen words told them the object of the expedition, and was followed by Iberville. Some of the men had been with him to Hudson's Bay, and they wished nothing better than fighting the English; and all were keen with the lust of gold—even though it were for another. As it was, Iberville promised them all a share of what was got.

On the twentieth day after leaving Quebec they sighted islands, and simultaneously they saw five ships bearing away towards them. Iberville was apprehensive that a fleet of the kind could only be hostile; for merchant ships would hardly sail together so, and it was not possible that they were French. There remained the probability that they were Spanish or English ships. He had no intention of running away, but, at the same time, he had no wish to fight before he reached Port de la Plata and had had his hour with Gering and Phips and



the lost treasure. Besides, five ships was a large undertaking, which only a madman would willingly engage. However, he kept steadily on his course. There was one chance of avoiding a battle without running away. The glass had been falling all night and morning. Berigord, when questioned, grimly replied that there was to be trouble, but whether with the fleet or the elements was not clear, and Iberville did not ask.

He got his reply effectively and duly, however. A wind suddenly sprang up from the north-west, followed by a breaking cross-sea. It as suddenly swelled to a hurricane, so that if Berigord had not been fortunate as to his crew, and had not been so fine a sailor, the Maid of Provence might have fared badly, for he kept all sail on as long as he dare, and took it in none too soon. But so thoroughly did he know the craft and trust his men, that she did what he wanted, and though she was tossed and hammered by the sea till it seemed that she must, with every next wave, go down, she rode into safety at last, five hundred miles out of their course.

The storm had saved them from the English fleet, which had fared ill. They were first scattered, then two of them went down, another was so disabled that she had to be turned back to the port they had left, and the remaining two were separated, so that their only course was to return to port also. As the storm came up they had got within fighting distance of the Maid of Provence, and had opened ineffectual fire, which she—occupied with the impact of the storm—did not return.

Escaped the dangers of the storm the Maid of Provence sheered into her course again, and ran away to the south-west, until Hispaniola came in sight.

(To be continued)

#### A NEW NOVEL.

*As a Man is Able.* By Dorothy Leighton. Three volumes. (Heinemann.)—Here is a novel very much above the level of the mere mechanical three volumes, made, not like the razor of the anecdote, to sell, but only to circulate. The story is improbable, the events and coincidences a little difficult to swallow, but granting the circumstances, the persons behave, not in the least like the puppets of convention, but with all the incalculability, and at the same time with all the terrible consistency, of real life; while the author in her narrative displays towards them all the tolerance that comes of understanding. She draws no moral, she preaches no theory; she simply tells what these people did. Consequently, there are in her story the materials for two or three theories and two or three morals, as there invariably are in the life stories of real persons. Vere Vandeleur (why, oh! why this virtuous-hero-of-penny-fiction combination of names?) is a young man of small stability who falls in love with his tutor's daughter. Her father dies. Vere is being hustled off

to India. Iris consents to marry him in Paris on the way out and go with him. They find that the marriage cannot be performed because of the necessary formalities of previous residence. Iris cannot be left behind. After a few minutes she faces the situation. "What does it signify," she says, "after all? It is only a shibboleth of words to satisfy outsiders. If we can't be married we must do without, that's all. . . . I am the wife you have chosen—you are the husband I have chosen. What other bond do we want than mutual confidence and love?" So they forego the ceremony and go out together as man and wife, meaning to be married quite quietly in Calcutta on their arrival. Here, surely, is the

first improbability. A really practised novelist ought to have known how to make the necessity more pressing. The crucial point, however, lies, not so much in the situation as in the relation of the characters to this situation. And herein is the strength—the very unusual and promising strength—of the book. To Iris marriage consists in union of heart; the ceremony is the merest form. In her own view there is absolutely no sham or pretence in calling herself Vere's wife. But to Vere the outward sanction makes, and indeed is, the marriage. "The next morning, when they were rushing through France at express speed

and there is a heartrending accent of reality—especially in the account of the separation. Iris hands over the reins of the household with all sorts of practical hints, and carefully avoids any tone of grievance: "Don't let Khuda Buksh cheat you. He will try and make you believe you have eaten fifty-seven eggs in the week, and that meat has gone up a rupee a pound since yesterday, and that you must have ten seers of milk a day to make your lordship's butter. But be firm and he will give in. And this is the key of the linen cupboard, Vere; and you will want some new table-cloths. I found them using one of the best that we

got from Calcutta as dish-cloths: and that is the key of the go-down where your best wine is kept." He rides with her on the first stage of her journey. "They rode along, talking at first of commonplace things. . . . Gradually, as the end drew nearer, they became more and more silent, and for the last two miles neither spoke a word. When the white bungalow where Iris was to rest for the day and where the carriage was to pick her up, came at length in sight, she drew rein and wheeled round to face him. 'This is the end,' she said quietly. 'Will you take my whip, and this, Vere?' She held out her whip and a letter addressed to himself for him to take, and for a fraction of a second their hands touched and their eyes met, and then she turned her horse sharp round and galloped off as hard as she could, and he was left in the middle of the road, staring after her, and feeling an indescribable sense of loss and desolation. He gazed as long as she was in sight, and then, turning slowly and dejectedly away, he rode back to his empty, loveless house."

The sobriety of the writer, who neither condemns nor approves, deepens the reader's sense of tragedy. To take no side and yet to affect no aloofness, to show no lack of sympathetic interest—this is the difficult achievement of which the French realists, who achieve so much else, have almost all fallen short. Some of the deepest social problems are touched, and the reader is set involuntarily seeking out his own solution, but none is offered to him. If we divine between the lines the broadest and freest view, we are shown, on the other hand, the necessity of forms and vows as safeguards for the conventional and unstable-minded. The woman who can see and can make us see so truly, so fairly, and so profoundly, ought to be able to produce work of a very high quality indeed.

But there are serious faults. There is much that is irrelevant, and some things that are worse than irrelevant. Such are all the omens, the palmistry, and the prognostications. These things are faults in art, not because they are or are not false to reality, but because they spoil the story by making puppets of the characters; they suggest that Vere's fate was settled long before he ever saw Beatrice, and that Beatrice would still have killed herself even if Vere had been the most bonafide of widowers. The

narration is direct and unaffected, but the style lacks distinction; is generally colloquial, often slipshod, and sometimes slangy. Here is a specimen taken almost at random: "He very seldom rode with her so early, as he said it bored him to walk his horse so much, and she found it tiring to ride fast at that season of the year, so she either went alone or with Horace." Style of this kind deserves the punning precept of Miss Edgeworth: "My dear, do not so your story together." It is not literature; it is merely crochet-chain stitch, worked in words instead of in cotton. And yet in spite of such descents as this, and of grave faults of construction, the book might almost justify the rash declaration: "Here is a new novelist." Let us be a little cautious, and say only: "Here *may* be a new novelist, if she will but learn how to write a novel."—CLEMENTINA BLACK.



She came to him, and put her hands upon his arm.

"THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD."

to take their steamer at Marseilles, Vere Vandeleur felt as if he had murdered something."

Between Ceylon and Calcutta he gets a touch of sunstroke; they cannot stay in Calcutta, but go forward at once, he still carrying with him the feeling that he is not legally bound to Iris. And when, some years later, he meets an attractive young woman, his thoughts of her and attentions to her are such as—for her sake, even more than for Iris's—he would never have permitted himself if he had felt himself irrevocably married. Finally, after five years of life together, he and Iris part, and he marries the other woman.

The situation offers many pitfalls, but all are avoided,





## VII.—THE DELIGHT OF DYING ROMANTICALLY.

(Contributed by Alfred Mumpkin.)

I should like to commence by saying that this is only the second of my printed and published works, although I have been interested in Literature for years. During the few hours of leisure at my disposal I am in the habit of writing and reading a good deal.

My first printed work was brief, and only appealed to those who happened to be specially interested in the grocery and cheesemongery. It set forth my desire to take a post as first or good second; that I was well up at both sides, especially provisions, with knowledge of poultry; and that I was used to a quick, ready-money trade. It was, in fact, an advertisement. I had no idea at the time that there was anything in the wording of that advertisement to attract the attention of the London editors, nor had I any notion of becoming an author. Yet I now find myself invited to set forth my own ideas on another subject to the extent of one column or thereabouts; I am also assured that I shall not be charged anything for the correction, if necessary, and the final printing and publishing of my remarks. In the cutting of bacon—and there is nothing about which customers are so particular—experience goes for a good deal; you may have a sort of natural gift for it, as I had myself, but there is always something to learn. I suppose that is just the same with writing. Now, I have had no experience in writing, and consequently I am quite willing to own that my work may be faulty and to have it corrected. For instance, in my natural state I don't use many stops, and I have noticed that printed things mostly have no end of stops in them.

You ask me what I should consider to be my dearest delight in life. Well, with me one day is very much like another, except that sometimes we're brisk and sometimes we're dull. Saturdays, of course, are particularly busy days. As for Sundays and Bank Holidays, they are not of much use to me. I never had any taste for going on the spree, as some do. I mostly sit at home and read; I've read a good many stories in my time. The sort I like best are about counts, and *marrons glacés*, and Chippendale, and Oriental-looking women; they make me miserable, since they show the kind of life which I should enjoy and shall never get, but I like that sort best. I dare say that I'm better employed when I'm back again in the shop serving a customer or suffering from the remarks of Henry. Henry can dress a window, and I do not deny that he has taste, but he is too satirical.

I shall never be able to live romantically, as they do in stories. My name is Mumpkin, and I have not got a girl to take out. I suppose no girl would care to change her name to Mumpkin. Henry sometimes calls me Bumpkin; that is one of his pieces of sarcasm. I do not blame the girls. I should despise any girl that had so little self-respect as to become fond of me. All the same, you can hardly live romantically, even if you are a count and naturally contemptuous, unless there is a girl in it; and for one in my position it would be quite impossible.

But I hope that I shall one day die romantically. That is cheaper; it is within the reach of the very poorest. In fact, for a romantic death poverty and a lowly position are rather an advantage than not. What do you want for the romantic style of living? I pick up some of the best stories I ever read, and answer the question from their pages. Here are only a few of the ingredients: Marqueterie, ormolu, objets d'art—oh! the Frenchness of it!—tiger-skins, some yachts, Botticellis, insouciance, perfumed camps, a valet, stables, University education, dress-suit, and divorce ditto. How are you going to do all that, or half that, on thirty shillings a week? Contrast with such extravagance the simple apparatus required for dying romantically. Once more I turn to a capital story and look at the last chapter. The hero lay in "a squalid garret"—I've got a squalid garret already—"a handful of coal-dust smouldered in the broken grate." I could manage that too, although I should have to break the grate. Similarly, I could chip the jug, knock out a pane of glass, and substitute sacking for the ordinary bed. It would not matter then that my name was Mumpkin, and that girls did not care to walk out with me, and that I was downtrodden by Henry and my employer. The more downtrodden and deserted the dier, the more effective the death. It is when death comes as a merciful release that it seems so romantically sad.

Or sometimes I have lurid moments when I think that I could fancy one of the more violent forms of romantic death. When the life-boat is just about to put out and another man is still wanted—no life-boat ever put out in any story that I have read without that frantic appeal for some amateur landlubber to take the vacant place—I can imagine that I would step forward and volunteer. No one then would ask me whether my name was Mumpkin; no one would say bitter things, as Henry does, about my personal appearance. A cheer would go up, and the lifeboat would go down. And I should have the joy of knowing that my death would make thousands of readers unhappy. Or I might be even more tragic. I do not like to go into details here, for the scenes to which I allude haunt my dreams; and I am reluctant to recall their horrors. I will only mention the sharp report, the heavy smoke hanging in the air, the dull thud and the prostrate—No, if I go on, I shall never sleep to-night. Those who had driven me to desperation would find all the remainder of their lives overshadowed by remorse. It is a beautiful thought. But I'm not naturally a desperate man.

Still better is the floral variety of romantic death. That has to take place in the

country. The window of the bedroom overlooks a garden. The scent of the pale yellow tea-roses is wafted softly in the room, you inquire about the passion-flowers on the porch, and say to your weeping friends that you will never see the daffodils again. You ask to have the tall lilies in the vase put where you can see them better, and tell someone to tend the fuel stas for you when you are gone. You then say that you forgive people, and go. I do not suppose that I shall have this kind of death. For one thing, it is mostly women who die that way. Also, I do not live in the country. Besides, I have no one to forgive except Henry; and if I forgave him I should have to do it on the quiet. If I told him that I forgave him he would probably hasten my decease and spoil everything.

There is really an abundance of variety for those who would die romantically. The musical death always impresses me. It takes place in the evening: you are playing a dreamy adagio movement to which everyone is listening spellbound. Suddenly there comes a sudden discord; your hands fall on the keys, and you are supported from the room. With the exception of the musical part, I could do all that.

To live romantically, unless I am misinformed by the stories which I have read, needs a sustained effort and dissipation. I have first-class references, and I am not capable of such things. It requires influence, position, and capital; I have none of them. But I am quite sure that I could die romantically; it takes so much less to make a death romantic than to make a life romantic. By a romantic death alone can such a man as myself rise superior to his surname and his circumstances. You will not be surprised, therefore, that I look upon it as the dearest delight that I could have. I do not want it just yet; there is plenty of time.



Similarly, I could chip the jug, knock out a pane of glass, and substitute sacking for the ordinary bed.





LIFE IN THE HAREM.



## THE MÒD AT OBAN.

BY LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

It would be a little difficult to say who was the originator of the idea of an annual Mòd to be held at Oban or elsewhere in the Highlands for the upkeep of the Gaelic language and its music and traditions. It is, perhaps, due to "the Celtic revival," the powerful wave beating against the whole Highland shore. Undoubtedly the man who first re-aroused Celtic feeling was Campbell of Islay, and various linguistic professors and



Photo by Windline and Grove, Baker Street, W.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

scholars throughout Europe were quick to recognise his efforts and pursuits, which have been carried on by others of various nations with much enthusiasm, ever increasing our knowledge of the romances of our distant forefathers. Close to Oban were men such as the Rev. James MacDougall, the author of a fine volume of folk-tales, and others, all deeply imbued with Celtic feeling; and at Oban itself the Rev. Duncan MacInnes, the author of a splendid volume of folk-tales, lives. Though these gentlemen are too modest to lay claim to founding the association, their sympathetic presence doubtless did much in the early stages of the movement to make the whole a success, and to enable the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart to set to work. In former days it may be noted that the clergy, one and all, discouraged the telling or recounting of these folk-lore tales, but now that the true value of all these is acknowledged, they, to their everlasting honour, have been in the vanguard of collectors and chroniclers, gathering together the songs and tales of all kinds. It would be difficult here to name all who have rendered yeoman service in this connection, but among them was the late J. G. Campbell of Tiree, and the late Hector MacLean, of Ballygrant, Islay, a playmate of the late Campbell of Islay. Mr. Alexander Carmichael, too, who collects the ancient hymns throughout the islands and who is happily yet at work on this quest. These and others have all, so to say, if indirectly, assisted in building up the edifice of the Mòd. It is at present doubtful if Oban is to be the head-centre another year, or if it will be held at Inverness. The idea was that it should at first be held at Oban, and thence it should be transferred to other places, to the end that the talent throughout the Highlands should have an opportunity of coming to the front; and in all probability this arrangement will be found the best. It can at some future date return once more to the Oban centre.

There were not wanting those who doubted if the movement would be a success, but all these doubts vanished when the time came. That it is an undoubted success is abundantly apparent to those conversant with Highland affairs—it may even prove a great blessing to the Highlands.

If you take train to Oban you will hear the songs dating back from centuries past, and hear the lullabies, the battle songs, love songs, and the boating songs of the Gaelic nation.

In 1891 a number of enthusiastic Celtic scholars and lovers of all things Celtic met at Oban, and drew up a scheme whereby the ancient tongue of the Gael should be preserved, and a yearly competition should take place during the day in prose and verse: in recitations from writings of the "ancients" and in modern compositions, in ancient songs, and for the encouragement of modern songs. A concert in the evening was also inaugurated, which proved an immense success, crowds of people being turned away from the doors of the building in which this, the first meeting, was held. In the following year this "folk gathering" of the Gaelic Association—or Mòd (pronounced like the English Christian name "Maud")—was held on enlarged lines, and very able exponents of Gaelic recitation appeared on the platform and recited both in prose and verse. Mary MacPherson, the famous Skye poetess, appeared on the scene, and sang her ancient songs to thunders of applause. She also made a speech on this occasion, clothed from head to foot in tartan of her own making. The peasantry and students, candidates for the Church and others, came forward, and the whole meeting was a complete and undoubted success.

On both occasions the Inveraray pipe band opened the proceedings, playing in admirable time. This pipe band is composed of men on the Duke of Argyll's estate, and is probably the only band in Scotland composed of working men who are able to go through the measure and the mazes of the reel at this moment of writing. They practise throughout the year, in summer under the greenwood tree, and in winter in a hall adapted for such purposes at Inveraray.

The names of the gentlemen who originated the Mòd movement cannot all be given in this short notice. The chief mover was the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, better known under the *nom de guerre* of "Nether Lochaber," a name taken from the district in which he lives and moves and has his kindly being—a man much beloved by his flock, who lives near the memorable Pass of Glencoe, and whose writings on natural history are read with avidity by a very large number of readers. Mr. John Campbell, solicitor, Oban, volunteered to act as secretary, and the Provost of Oban, Mr. John McIsaac, did all in his power to make the movement a genuine success, and enlisted the sympathies of the people of Oban and the surrounding district.

In 1892 the playing of the ancient Scottish harp was revived. Three of these instruments were made by Messrs. J. and R. Glen, of Edinburgh, and its strains were heard for the first time since 1734. In the days of Queen Mary, the Earl of Argyll took his harper to battle with him to animate the troops, and that appears to be the last recorded instance of a harper taken to battle, though later on, in the seventeenth century, Harry McGra was attached to a Highland troop. From that day the harp had been in disuse in the Highlands, and though far from being a powerful instrument, its study has again been revived, and a yearly prize is offered at the Mòd to the best performer on this ancient instrument, called by the Highlanders the "Clarsach." It is held on the knee, and is of the shape of Queen Mary's harp.

The ancient instrument, with a little care and re-arrangement in the mode of stringing, can easily once again become one of the national instruments of Scotland. At the present moment it is pronounced "crude"; but crude though it be, it was delightful to see its use revived.

The success of the choir-singing is entirely due to the enthusiasm and devotion of Mr. Archibald Ferguson, who has had the honour of organising the powerful St. Columba Gaelic Choir. These ladies and gentlemen, who are occupied in various professional duties and engagements in Glasgow, come every year to Oban, and there they render all those famous and pathetic airs that are the delight of enthusiastic audiences. They reproduce the ancient melodious music peculiar to the Highlanders, who used this sort of chaunt when going to a funeral—a subdued humming accompaniment, resembling the sound of the great war-pipe of Scotland. In singing the various laments the leading voice or voices have this curious accompaniment, producing a most weird effect, and one wholly new to those who have not heard the Highlanders sing. The stirring war songs and love songs are all given, and the St. Columba Choir has now powerful rivals, called into being from the very beauty of their performance. Those who heard the natives of Glencoe and Ballachulish and the two Oban choirs sing last year are little likely to forget the magnificent "verve" and go of their performance, fresh as breeze off the heather. It was the very embodiment of all that was most



Photo by Lafayette, Manchester.

MISS KATE MACDONALD PERFORMING ON THE CLARSACH, OR HARP, AT THE MÒD AT OBAN, 1892.

full of "go" and spirit. Songs fit to fire the blood of the living and to raise up the ghosts of the dead! For the third time the present writer has been nominated President of the typical assembly, an assembly where political passions are not known, and embracing men of all creeds: It is the meeting-ground of many sections of society all united in one common end, and that is the upkeep and retention of the ancient ways of the Highlanders, their beautiful traditions, and the wild and stirring music of their land. The county gentry have again lent their Hall for our assembly, and many of them are among the most eager of listeners and sympathisers.

## ART NOTES.

To the pertinent question, "Whence comes this multitude of painters?" the Report of the Science and Art Department, just issued, suggests an answer. During the year past two millions of children in elementary schools were taught drawing, and grants to the extent of £133,000 were made in recognition of their achievements. In addition to these there were 115,000 students in local Schools of Art and Art Classes, of whom nearly two-thirds presented themselves for examination, and something like £60,000 was expended in the encouragement of their efforts. The Departmental authorities take a very self-satisfied view of the situation, and assure us that "there has been no falling-off in the number and merit of the drawings, paintings, and models submitted in the advanced. On the contrary, it would appear from the reports of the examiners that there had been a general improvement." With a certain filtration and considerable reservation this optimistic conclusion might be extracted from the examiners' reports, as edited and published by the Department. To the ordinary reader, however, these reports, even as allowed to appear, scarcely seem to justify the large expenditure involved in the manufacture of fifth-rate painters in water-colours. For industrial purposes and technical education, for which primarily our Schools of Art should be maintained, proficiency in the arts of design is of paramount importance. Yet it is in this branch—design-ornament—that the examiner, Mr. Lewis F. Day, speaks in very plain terms. "The average of attainment seems to me to be reached this year, but it is not in any case very high. Design appears, indeed, to be the point at which the student is weakest." The fact is that very rarely are the "designs" sent in available for industrial purposes. The drawing is admittedly often fairly good, but the greater number of students are allowed to think that they have only to put a flower in the centre, and to let stalks shoot from it in all directions, and the mystery of composition is solved. Even where the design is for a given figure-subject, the general paucity of motive and the extreme rarity of refined decorative feeling strike the examiner, Mr. W. F. Shields, as the most salient points in the work submitted. He divides the candidates into those having ideas without power of presenting them to the eye, and those having dexterity of composition without an idea to express. Is it to be wondered at if our manufacturers in all branches are able to make so little use of productions of our art schools and of our art students?

The report of Mr. Alan Cole on the condition of the Irish lace-making industry is for the general public one of the most interesting pages of the Annual Report of the Science and Art Department. There are in all about a dozen convents at which lace-making is carried on, and of these the Ursuline Convent at Thurles seems to be in the most promising state, consequent upon the introduction of a particular class of fine crochet work which has attracted the attention of the Paris dealers. At the Carmelite Convent at New Ross, Mr. Cole found the quality of the needlepoint flat lace distinctly improved; and the making of this, as well as of crochet and raised needlepoint, was being stimulated by a steady demand. The danger, however, to be guarded against is that the present standard of good work may with difficulty be maintained if the dealers press for the delivery of hasty work. This excuse cannot be put forward on behalf of the Dominican Convent at Cabra, of the Convents of Mercy near Killarney and Kinsale, or of the Ursuline Convent at Black-Rock, near Cork, where faulty taste, carelessly drawn designs, and unsystematic training have left their mark upon work and workers. There is no reason to doubt that Ireland might once more become the centre of a very important and lucrative industry, if its inhabitants would only take the necessary pains to arrive at success. There is no more of a royal road to lacemaking than there is to learning, and the sooner the good sisters who have charge of the various convents where lacemaking is taught can convince themselves and their pupils of the truth of this hard saying, the sooner will the industry revive and bring to the districts where it is pursued a regular demand which need fear no competition from Saxon machinery or Belgian pauper-labour, the two rivals of Irish lace-making.

Can anyone explain the actual condition of the arrangements with Mr. Henry Tate for the housing of his gift to the nation? Where Millbank Prison once stood there is now a desert of crumbled bricks and mortar, revealing in the background the symmetrical beauty of two huge gasometers—excellent neighbours for a picture gallery. The site has been found; but what steps have been taken to erect the building? An ominous announcement has been made, which will be received with a sympathetic shudder, to the effect that the Commissioners of Works have approved of the plans and specifications of the new gallery. So far as we know, no architects have been asked to send in competitive designs, and past experience is not of a nature to make us accept with enthusiasm a further specimen of "official" architecture. It is not even known whether we are to have a British Luxembourg destined to receive the gifts of others as generous as Mr. Henry Tate, or whether the building is destined to hold only that gentleman's pictures. In the former case something should also be known beforehand as to the composition of the body of trustees in whom the management of the gallery is to be vested.

The selection of such a body will obviously be a matter of delicacy and difficulty. On the one hand, public opinion would be strongly opposed to placing more funds at the disposal of those officers already connected with either the National Gallery or South Kensington Museum—if, indeed, such new duties were compatible with their present ones. On the other hand, the way in which the funds of the Chantrey Bequest have been applied will fail to recommend the Council of the Royal Academy for the office. The third alternative, the creation of a totally fresh body of trustees, presents even greater difficulties—unless the utmost care were taken to exclude once and for all picture dealers—professional or amateur—who might be tempted to fill the rooms of the new National Gallery with works which were otherwise unsaleable, or, for some other reasons, had found friends to foist them on the nation, or to get them hung at the public expense.



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. III.—OUDENARDE.



THE ELECTOR OF HANOVER, AFTERWARDS GEORGE II., LEADING HIS SQUADRON INTO ACTION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. III.—OUDENARDE



AFTER THE BATTLE: MARLBOROUGH VISITING THE FRENCH PRISONERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## SCRYING.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Joachim de Cambray says that he has seen a burgess of Nuremberg who bought a crystal ring, by virtue whereof a young boy saw whatever was asked for, but the purchaser, thereafter, was so harassed by the Devil that he broke the ring." So says Bodin, speaking of Crystallomaney in his "De la Demonomanie des Sorciers." (Antwerp, 1593, book ii. chap. 2.) Bodin here takes a severe view of the pastime now called "Crystal Vision," which is, perhaps, the most harmless and certainly the most pleasing of all modern dealings in the "occult." Indeed, there seems to be nothing "occult" in the matter, though there is a good deal to interest the psychologist and to amuse the curious. Two questions arise: first, by virtue of what optical illusion do some people see pictures if they gaze into a crystal ball? Next, why does not everyone who tries see these or similar pictures? Our ancestors, before the present or scientific age, solved these problems in their invariable way. The pictures are displayed by spirits, or by our ghostly foe. They are seen by his servants only, or, if an undeniably innocent child sees them (a common belief), then that, as Bodin remarks, only proves the artfulness of the fiend. It is manifest that these solutions are superstitious and out of date. But what does modern science say? Perhaps many scientific gentlemen, less romantic than Pruffles's master, will simply deny the fact. Nobody sees anything, nobody "sees," as Dr. Dee calls the process; all is mere mendacious assertion. Now, apart from the tradition of many centuries, the signed and published evidence of sane, and even learned, observers prevents me from taking this extremely sceptical position. Moreover, having often been present when a "sryer," or crystal-gazer, whose evidence I cannot possibly regard as other than veracious, was describing the pictures as they arose, I am obliged to believe that some people really are impressed with the belief that they do behold these *tableaux*. At the same time, they are decidedly not "hypnotised," or entranced, but in all respects enjoy their every-day consciousness, can examine the pictures through a microscope, and can conduct an ordinary conversation.

Before entering on details of the pictures and the manner of seeing them, it may be well to glance at the testimony of tradition. We shall see that the old "sryers" used prayers, incantations, fumigations, appeals to spirits or gods. All this, except in so far as it may have excited the imagination, was mere surplusage. Nothing is needed but a crystal ball, or even a large magnifying glass against a black background. Probably any clear deep, a glass of water, a blob of ink (as in Egypt), or of blood, as among the Maoris, or a mirror, as in "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," would suffice as the condition of the experiment, always granting that he, or she, who makes the experiment can "sry." In "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" (June 1889) an epitome of the history of crystal vision is published. But the topic needs deeper research among original authorities, which I have not at hand just now. The anonymous author mentions, in classical times, the use of water in wells, mirrors, mirrors in conjunction with wells (spoken of by Pausanias as customary in Greece), and thence advances to the Specularii denounced by the mediæval Church, and to Dr. Dee. This Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a mathematician of note. For his sins he fell in with a rogue named Kelly, in 1582, and Kelly became his "sryer." How Dr. Dee got his stone, or crystal, we know not: he called it a gift of angels, and surrounded it with objects of devotion. Occasionally it was mysteriously lifted into the air, at other times it would as mysteriously vanish. Meric Casaubon published a portion of Dr. Dee's manuscript about the visions; it is not easy to say whether Kelly invented them, or whether he really was one of the people who can see fanciful pictures in the crystal. The visions were separated from each other by "a ball or cloud of smook," and this answers to what modern "sryers" report. Maury and other writers allege that this smoky, or milky aspect of the crystal, before a picture appears in its depths, is a hypnotic effect. But, even if this be true in some cases, it is not true in others. The "sryer" can see the reflection in one part of the glass, and, at the same time, the picture in another part. There is no trance, or sleep, or confusion of the ordinary senses.

The "sryer" who writes in the Psychical serial finds that her pictures often revive, in a vivid pictorial way, lost fragments of memory and things consciously or unconsciously present to her mind, and "visions, possibly telepathic or clairvoyant, implying acquirement of knowledge by supernatural means." The last is the kind of vision which superstitious people want when they consult professional seers or Egyptian magicians who use a drop of ink in a boy's hand instead of a crystal. In Scott's Journal, in 1832, is a curious account of some Egyptian experiments, and the passages in Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians" are well known. But as to the abnormal acquisition of knowledge, the evidence is very shadowy, and far from convincing. The power of viewing pictures, extremely brilliant and minute, is, to my mind, a matter of certainty, but of certainty only to persons who know and who can depend on the honesty of the "sryer." The seer whose operations I have observed found, on a first

trial, that the ball became milky or opalescent. The milkiness cleared, and showed a picture of a remarkable-looking man, lying in bed, apparently very ill. The next vision was a church, standing beside a roaring torrent, with mountains behind. Soon after came a picture of an old white-bearded man, in a kind of priestly garment, standing by a fountain of flame. Above the flame a hand appeared, and the old man lifted his face and looked up at the hand. He faded, and a bunch of flowers arose, presently a dark swarthy man in black was present, looking at the flowers; then came a landscape of fields and woods over which an angel flew.

This "sryer" is not conscious of either revived memories, or revived fancies, indicated in these tableaux; still less do they convey any knowledge, abnormal or normal. They are mere phantasmagoria, private mirages, not producible at will, for often the ball does not grow milky, and no vision is beheld. The topic is a province in the study of human faculties, and may now be divested of spiritual, demoniacal, and "clairvoyant" superfluities. Experiment may show what kind of people have the faculty, and how the faculty is associated with imagination and artistic endowments in general.

## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## III. OUDENARDE.

God prosper long our gracious Queen  
Our Lives and Safeties all;  
A woful Fight of late that did  
Nigh Audenarde befall.

The happy memorable ballad of which the above specimen of verse serves as its introduction to the ingenious reader is to be found in an odd little volume of poems "Printed and sold by T. Warner, at the Black Boy, in Pater-Noster-Row, 1717 (Price, 10s.)." In his not too talented work of poeie the writer makes a most touching allusion to the humanity of the great leader whom William Makepeace Thackeray ever insisted upon as one of the greatest villains and greatest heroes whose names have blazoned the Newgate Calendar of military history.

"On the fight near Audenarde between the Duke of Marlborough of Great Britain and the Duke of Vendôme of France. As also the strange and wonderful manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of France were found in a wood."

The Duke then to the wood did come,  
In hopes Vendôme to meet,  
When, lo! the Prince of Carignan  
Fell at his Grace's feet.

Oh! gentle Duke, forbear, forbear  
Into that wood to shoot;  
If ever pity moved your Grace—  
But turn your eyes and look.

The ballad-monger then, in the most tender terms, goes on to tell us how the proud Vendôme sent the dear little Princes to the top of the church spire to witness the prowess of their countrymen, basely, however, deserting them on his speedy retreat—

What Heart of Flint but must relent,  
Like wax before the sun,  
To see their Glory at an end  
'Ere yet it was begun!

Heyday! The gifted gentleman who composed these lines, it is not difficult to gather, evidently first saw the sun on the other side of St. George's Channel. Sweet tears of joy and honest admiration sprinkle his rhymes. Marlborough might be Dick Steele's Christian hero, intrepid of valour, warm of heart, kindly and compassionate. It matters not. Better to believe in something or someone than naught at all. The Marlborough of the poor Grub Street ballad-monger was but a humorous scrap of fiction; but in his portrait of the great Duke may not the author of "Esmond" have painted in the shadows too dark? Faith! everyone has a better as well as a worse side to his character, even as his face. It is not such utter folly, after all, to care to give only the best. There *must* have been something human in him after all! If not, why should he have written before the great day of Oudenarde—

"The treachery of Ghent, continual marching, and some letters I have received from England (from the Queen and Duchess) have so vexed that I was yesterday in so great a fever that the doctor would have persuaded me to have gone to Brussels."

Was the great commander, then, so adamant as Thackeray would have us believe? The treachery of Ghent, and the probability of the other towns of Flanders taking example by it, the letters from home, the King of Prussia, the Elector, the Emperor, the States-General, the Deputies—he was completely surrounded by a *chevaux-de-frise* of worries, treacheries, and small suspicions; and yet still showed himself to be the same man, the invincible Marlborough. Villain, too, as he might have been, he was no vainglorious one. "I think it was more from conviction than policy, though that policy was surely the most prudent in the world, that the great Duke always spoke of his victories with an extraordinary modesty, and as if it was not so much his own admirable genius and courage which achieved these amazing successes, but as if he was a special and fatal instrument in the hands of Providence, that willed irresistibly the enemy's overthrow." And yet, Mr. Thackeray, after writing this, you will not keep your dogs off from hunting him down.

With an army too weak to fight an open campaign, Marlborough had called in his troops from the neighbouring garrisons and collected them within the lines of Oudenarde. Vendôme had been peremptorily ordered to commence the blockade at once. On July 7 the bold "Ritter" certainly waited on the British commander in person, though the fiery little Prince, unfortunately, left his army behind him. His men could not possibly arrive from the Moselle until the middle of the month. Still, history tells us how cordially he was received, and how, after the mode of the day, the great leaders embraced like brothers. For once, too, fired by the passionate impetuosity of Eugene, Marlborough agreed with him to give battle forthwith. The covering army of Vendôme, however, was not to be attacked. His line of communications with

France was to be assaulted. He was to be fought with, his "face to Paris" and his back to Antwerp.

It seems to him but yesterday, though some few years ago, that the writer made a sentimental pilgrimage to the field of Oudenarde. A hot day it was in August. Sleepily crept on the waters of the Scheldt and Dender. On the small railway platforms groups of bespectacled anglers stood chatting and gesticulating, with their rods over their shoulders, the green tin can placed peacefully on the window-sill. The talk was of hops and the potato crop. So, thought the pilgrim, those country folks, who pass their lives day by day in a land laden with strange and eventful history, seem in no wise to be affected by it. What matter to them if the bones of the gallants of the Maison du Roy have long been dust! Yes! there is Oudenarde, with its long line of heights and its great tower rising above the dark trees. The children are playing at *oscelets* on the rough pavement: you may be sure that they never wake in the night to look fearfully through the small window-panes. The spirits of the departed heroes for them have no existence. What matters it who rode or marched along this straggling old street which crawls up the hill of Bevere? What matters it if they swore so terribly in Flanders? Our little ears are not much likely to be contaminated by it. What have we to do with jack-booted be-cuirassed heroes? We are thinking of how we shall enjoy our treat-trip to Brussels, and revel in the roundabouts and gingerbread of the Kermesse of Molenbeek.

Yet, with the sentimental traveller, it is somewhat different, *n'est-ce pas?* Madame the Muse of History stands in the doorways of the little brick houses, and smiles a welcome as he passes. Clatter, clatter, sound the sabots on the rough stone road. The gossip gossips, chatter and whisper, and shrewdly nod their aged heads. The big brown-coated dog sleeps beside his little cart, filled with brass milk cans, heedless of flies and another round. His master within the estaminet dozes over his mug of acid *orge* or flat sickly *brune*. But stay—here now is the mill of Bevere, turning slowly and heavily in the light breeze. Climbing the height beyond, the whole country lies in panorama at your feet. There, afar off, are the roofs of Barlaney and Barwaen, where the Dutch and Hanoverians fought so boldly. There his men were so boldly led by the little Electoral Prince, whom the great satirist loved to ridicule and the Diogenes of Chelsea to make little of. *Magnus Alexander*, &c.; he was a gallant little man of war all the same. "M. le Prince Electoral," writes Marlborough—*au camp d'Oudenarde ce 12 Juillet 1708*—"s'est extrêmement distingué, chargeant à la tête et animant par son exemple les troupes de V. A. E., qui ont en bonne part à cet heureux succès..." Satirist and cynic, whatever may have been the failings of the earlier Georges, they certainly *did* demean themselves like princes upon the field of honour.

Surely, too, even at Oudenarde did not Marlborough show something of the chivalrous spirit of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*? There was something at least pleasant in that postscript in his own hand which he wrote to Berwick on the 16th: "I shall let my brother Churchill know how much he is obliged to you for your kind concern for him. He was well in England by our last letters from thence, and you may be sure the difference of parties will not hinder me from having that friendship for you that becomes me towards my relations." Prince Eugene returns your compliment with thanks.

Well, enough of this! Rest for awhile on the height. It was while the fight was raging at Barlaney and Barwaen that Marlborough advanced to hold the hill of Oyecke. And yonder, to the left, stands out Oyecke, forming a part of the chain of positions which was to hem in the enemy in the plain of Deependech. Yes; here at last is the little village where stout old Overkirk made his famous charge. Oyecke can, doubtless, this month be visited even as the writer did last, by a field-path through the great potato fields; or on the north by one which straggles up a meadow beside a neat hedge. The village consists of but a few groups of cottages and a general shop, an ugly brick house, and a little white church standing on a patch of grass; in lieu of a window at the back of the building is a rough bas-relief of the Crucifixion, painted with rude colours. On the low churchyard wall a couple of Flemings are seated smoking and chattering amicably.

"At one point," says Lord Stanhope, "it seemed to Marlborough that the right of the French might be turned and cut off from their main body; and he entrusted the execution of this bold manœuvre to the veteran Marshal Overkirk, who had brought up the rear with twenty battalions of Dutch and Danes. Overkirk, though weighed down by years, and for some months past in languishing health, showed all the spirit of a young man in the discharge of so welcome a duty."

During several hours the battle, though most irregularly fought, was well sustained. But when the shades of that summer evening had deepened, victory had everywhere declared for the Allies. The loss of the Allied army was about 3000 in killed and wounded. That of the enemy has been sometimes stated as no larger, though probably twofold. Oudenarde was a famous victory. It would have been still more so had Prince Eugene arrived with, instead of without, his 25,000 from the Moselle.

"My troops," said Marlborough, with certainly the aspect at least of generosity, "will be animated by the presence of so distinguished a commander." That his troops were not with him was no fault of the noble Eugene. It was not, however, a matter of good fortune to the Allies, as the victory otherwise would have been made most perfect and decisive.

But victories are gained only to be forgotten. Old Kaspar, sitting in the sun, cares but little about the wonders of the past—he has enough to do with the trials of the present. Peaceful and silent, how quiet and homely it all is in the village, where once the battle raged! Not a seeming trace of the history which haunts it with so ghastly a memory. Below are the smiling fields, beneath which lie the mouldered bones of the long-forgotten dead. The sun is shining brightly, and Nature with her mantle of beauty strives to conceal every thought of horror. Yet in between the green leaves of the root-crops the scarlet heads of the poppies are to be seen, seeming to say, peaceful as it now looks, "This is a field of blood, and we are its proper outgrowth."—ARTHUR T. PARK.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. III.—OUDENARDE.



PRINCE EUGENE RECEIVED BY MARLBOROUGH IN HIS CAMP FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE.  
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## IN THE MARCHES.—No. I. SHREWSBURY.

Shrewsbury is without doubt one of the most interesting towns in England. It is true that every corner of this country teems with interest, but for a combination of historical association, beauty of position, and surrounding country, architecture, both ecclesiastical and domestic, and river scenery, Shrewsbury stands almost unrivalled. It is not a handsome town with palatial houses and wide streets; it does not contain a stately cathedral such as York Minster, nor is there a magnificent castle as at Ludlow; but it is a storehouse of interesting buildings of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. I believe no other English town possesses such a number of well-preserved and picturesque timber and plaster Elizabethan (so called) houses as may be seen in Butcher Row, Wyle Cop, High Street, Mardol, Frankwell, and other Shrewsbury streets.

By the London and North-Western Railway Shrewsbury is rather more than a hundred and sixty miles from London, and there are several good trains during the day which do the distance in little more than four hours.

The town is built chiefly on two hills rising picturesquely above the rapid Severn. The Welsh in olden days called the town *Amythig*, and I believe they still give it that name. The Britons called it *Pengwern*, and among the

in 1551, and opened to receive scholars in 1562—Sir Philip Sidney, then living with his father, Sir Henry Sidney, in Ludlow Castle, was educated at this school; also Fulke Greville and Judge Jeffries; in recent times some well-known names are on the school roll, among them Charles Darwin, William Thomson (the late Archbishop of York), Lord Cranbrook, and Cecil Raikes, the late Postmaster-General. A few years ago the school was moved across the Severn to larger and healthier premises at Kingsland, and the old school buildings are now used as a free library and museum.

Nearly opposite the old Grammar School is the picturesque and richly ornamented half-timbered gate-house which forms the gateway leading to the buildings known as the Council House or Lord's Place. The original house was built in 1502 for a private residence, additions were afterwards made to it, and it was used for the meetings of the Lords President and Council of the Court of the Marches of Wales. At the end of the seventeenth century, when the Court of the Marches was finally abolished, the Council House fell into decay. It has been restored and made into three comfortable private houses. One of these houses still contains the old black oak wainscoted hall, now used as a dining-room. The projecting oak chimney-breast is richly carved; at each side of it are grotesque figures; and there is a good deal of ornamentation on the panelling round the room. Over one of the doors are curious carvings of Adam and Eve, and the Serpent twining round the Tree of Knowledge. The date 1634 is carved on a boss high up at one end of the room. The ceiling is panelled in oak, and has massive oaken beams. Adjoining is another room, rather smaller, in which is a good deal of oak carving. The windows of these rooms open on to a terrace whence there is a delightful view of the Severn, the Abbey Church, the neighbouring houses, and the surrounding country. Upstairs, on the first floor, is a small room with plain oak panels; here stands a small four-poster of dark oak elaborately carved, in which Charles I. is said to have slept when he went to Shrewsbury during the Civil War. The view from this room is still finer than that from the terrace below.

A little further along Castle Street, on the opposite side of the way, is Pailin's (now T. Plimmer) establishment for Shrewsbury cakes, mentioned by Barham in his "Ingoldsby Legends." The well managed and comfortable Raven Hotel is close by. Castle Street soon afterwards changes its name to Pride Hill. At the junction, a street by the post-office leads to the church dedicated to St. Mary; its fine spire is one of the loftiest in the country and is a prominent object for miles round Shrewsbury. The church is built of red sandstone, except the spire, which is of white stone. The interior of the church is exceedingly beautiful; the elegant clustered columns which support the nave are not disfigured by whitewash, and the warm-coloured stone of which the church is built takes deeper tones of beauty from the rich stained-glass windows. St. Mary's shows various styles of architecture, from late Norman to Perpendicular; it has been recently restored with great care; the richly carved oak ceiling is considered to be one of the most remarkable in the kingdom.

The stained glass in many of the windows is very fine, that in the elegant triple lancet window on the north side of the chancel is especially good; it is said to date from 1520, and represents scenes in the life of St. Bernard, after designs by Albert Dürer; it came from the Abbey of Altenburg, in Germany. The glass of the great east window is older and more gorgeous, but is not so beautiful as the other. There are many interesting monuments in the Trinity Chapel. A cross-legged armour-clad knight of the fourteenth century is said to represent one of the Lords of Berwick; in the north wall of St. Catherine's Chapel is a quaintly engraved alabaster slab of the fifteenth century, showing the figures of Nicholas and Katherine Stafford; on the east wall of the same chapel is a marble monument to the celebrated Admiral Benbow, a native of Shrewsbury, with a bust and inscription, and a representation of the Benbow frigate; at the west end, under the spire, is the large statue of Samuel Butler, Bishop of Lichfield, who did so much for Shrewsbury Grammar School when head master there.

The old sexton told us, among his many remembrances, that when the news came of the victory at the battle of the Alma a flag was hung out from the top of the spire. He said it was no easy matter to get it up there.



THE ENGLISH BRIDGE.

In the south portal there are some remarkable Norman capitals, a stone-ribbed ceiling, and some old German stained glass. A small room above the porch contains old Bibles and quaint half-covered wooden alms-boxes, on each of which is painted "Pray remember the Brief." They were used when a collection was made for some special fund, and the sexton told us that they were half-covered in order that money might not be taken out when they were handed round. From a balcony at one end of the room one gets a very effective view of the interior of the church.

The continuation of Castle Street past the post-office is called Pride Hill, from the Pride family, whose house used to stand there. The street descends rather abruptly, and in a few yards we come to Butcher Row, on the left. This quaint, winding street is largely composed of picturesque timber houses; probably there is not a more remarkable street of old houses in England. The principal house in the row stands at a corner, where the street turns. It is a large fifteenth-century mansion, one of the oldest in the town, and is said to have belonged in former days to the Abbot of Lilleshall. A sharp descent leads to High Street; at one part several of the houses on opposite sides of the way are so close together, and their upper storeys overhang so much, that they almost touch each other. Pride Hill leads to High Street. On the right of High Street, as you enter it



OLD HOUSES IN SHREWSBURY.

Saxons it was known as *Scrobbesbyrig*, meaning a hill covered with shrubs. This name afterwards became corrupted into Shrewsbury. Owen and Blakeway, in their history of Shrewsbury, say that probably about the year 570 the Britons of Wroxeter or Uriconium, retiring before the Saxon army, sought a place of refuge higher up on the Severn, and founded *Pengwern* in place of Wroxeter, which the Saxons had destroyed by fire.

As you leave the handsome railway station and walk up the hill to Castle Street, on the left there is a glimpse of the old castle, which gives its name to the street and takes us back to the Norman Conquest. The castle was built by Roger de Montgomery, a kinsman of the Conqueror's, and one of his most trusted captains. William granted him nearly the whole of Shropshire, and made him first Earl of Shrewsbury, as well as Earl of Chichester and of Arundel. The greater portion of the old building has disappeared, and part of that which remains has been altered and adapted for a modern residence.

On the opposite side of the road stands a square, turretted stone building, formerly occupied by the celebrated Royal Free Grammar School founded by Edward VI.



ATCHAM CHURCH.



ENTRANCE TO THE COUNCIL HOUSE.

from Pride Hill, stands Ireland's Mansion, another fine specimen of a timber building; it has been made into three houses. Opposite to Ireland's Mansion there are other interesting timber dwellings.

Just beyond Ireland's Mansion, on the right, High Street opens into the Square, and the massive bronze statue of the Indian hero Lord Clive faces us. In the Square, behind Clive's statue, stands the old Market House, a handsome stone building considered to be one of the finest of the kind in this country. According to an inscription over the principal arched entrance it was finished in the year 1596: the ground-floor is arched and open to the road. Continuing along High Street, a few steps lead on the left to the church of St. Julian; St. Alkmund's is close by. The only old portions of these are part of the tower and spire of St. Alkmund. A little to the right of High Street are the remains of the fine old church of St. Chad: the lady chapel is all that is left of the once spacious church. We were told that a subterranean passage had been recently discovered leading from the church to the castle.

(To be continued.)



PILCHARD-FISHING ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL.



EARLY MORNING: GETTING READY.



A GOOD HAUL.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A week or two ago I discussed in this column the question of the periodical and excessive fertility of certain animal species. My readers will recollect that the subject was suggested by the vole plague, which I ventured to account for, on general biological principles, as representing the result of an increase such as the lemmings of Norway exhibit. A correspondent, to whose published paper I alluded in the "Jottings," directed my attention in turn to the enormous increase which certain years witnessed in the numbers of an otherwise comparatively rare moth. Now, again, this topic of periodical increase is forced upon our attention by the veritable plague of wasps from which, as far as I can learn, all parts of the country are suffering. This is truly a wasp year, just as lately we had a vole year. The insects swarm everywhere, and one reads of them attaining in some districts a literally phenomenal development. In Sussex, at Heathfield, I observe it is chronicled that over a thousand nests have been destroyed, and that the work of extermination still proceeds. At Petersham Park, one reads of thousands of wasps descending and swooping down, after the manner of their kind, on the jam and sweetstuffs provided for the delectation of a children's outing. There is no doubt of this wasp invasion, and there is as little doubt that its extent is simply due to the temporary overflow of the race. Malthusian considerations have no effect in lower life at all, although the extermination of the insects by forcible and lethal means is necessarily a practical application of that doctrine—always supposing that the wasp colonies of the future can be affected by the individuals of the present, which is, at least, an open question altogether.

The more one ponders over this periodical increase of fertility question, the more clearly may one see that underlying it there is some law of life which must exercise a definite effect on the race exhibiting the increase. I do not know that biology at large has yet tackled the question fully and completely, and I have no means, just at present, of instituting an investigation into the literature of the subject. Speculation is therefore hardly permissible on my part, but at the least one might see in such periodic increase among animals a way and means of extending the distribution of the species. It is as though Nature saved up her energies now and then for a great expansion of a race of animals in the most likely way, by increasing the number of possible survivors and colonists. There is another thought which occurs to me—namely, that if there is any correlation between animal life and seasonal conditions, the periodical fertility may be a kind of provision for securing adequate survival during a possible forthcoming time of trial. This view postulates that hard times must succeed the periods of fertility; it also presupposes some premonition of such rigorous seasons. Well, both postulates are not unreasonable. Let us try to note, in the future, if any such relation exists between fertile years and succeeding rigorous seasons.

Yet another illustration of what may possibly be regarded as an instance of exceptional fertility. It has been chronicled that at Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, at a recent date, a dense cloud overhung the village. This cloud dissolved, and resolved itself into a dense shower of ants and flies, which covered the ground almost like a carpet.

Dr. G. I. Neish, District Medical Officer of Bath, Jamaica, sends me an interesting note regarding the habits of certain birds performing for cattle the office of relieving them of their parasitic ticks. His note was suggested by the perusal of my account of the work of the Egyptian plover in removing leeches from the mouth of the crocodile. In Jamaica the pasture-tick annoys cattle exceedingly, and two species of "blackbirds" attend the cows and remove the pests. The birds perch on the backs of the cattle, or hover round their legs, and pick off the gorged ticks. Young calves, Dr. Neish says, rapidly learn to appreciate the kindly offices of the birds, and the delicate operation of picking the ticks off the eyelid of the animal is performed with great care. The two birds in question are the Savannah blackbird and the Tinkling Grackle, or "Tin-tin." Dr. Neish is not aware whether these birds pick up ticks directly off the ground; but it is evident that the practice of relieving the cattle of their pests is a case of mutual aid, the result of an acquired habit, which has been crystallised into an instinct—as habits, long repeated, are certain to become.

I am glad to observe that Sir F. Abel and Mr. Redwood, acting under the instructions of the London County Council, have prepared a memorandum on the directions which should be observed by those who have to deal with petroleum lamps—that is, with the paraffin lamps so largely used in the households of rich and poor alike. These suggestions indicate that the oil-holder should be made of metal, and not of glass or china, because of the liability to breakage of the latter materials. The upper part of the lamp, it is urged, should be made to screw firmly into the oil-holder, while the wick should be enclosed in a sheet of thin metal. The wicks, it is added, should not be firmly plaited, but of soft character, and ought to fill the wick-holder without being squeezed into it, while the wick should reach the bottom of the oil reservoir. That reservoir should be filled with oil before the lamp is used, while a good broad base to a lamp is, of course, an absolute necessity if accidents from overturning are to be avoided.

Some experiments conducted by Mr. E. A. Burt, East Galway, N.Y., on the question "Do leaves of ordinary land plants absorb water?" will possess an interest for botanists. The conclusions to which Mr. Burt comes are that leaves may absorb water, and that leaves of growing plants do absorb it during the night, when they are wet with water, and in a moist atmosphere—that is, when they are under dew conditions. These results, although not at variance with the opinions of some botanists, are opposed to general botanical beliefs, since these beliefs credit leaves with the duty of giving off the excess of water absorbed by the roots in wet weather, rather than with the work of absorption.

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E B SCHWANN.—Thanks for problem. The mental absorption that "takes no note of time" must be familiar to all composers.  
ALPHA.—Such blunders come to all at times; but the defence to Mr. Meyer's problem was undoubtedly ingenious, and betrayed many of our correspondents.  
G R CONYNGHAM.—The problem you send is a variation of Healey's Bristol theme, and is scarcely fresh enough for us to republish, neither is it fully representative of Loyd's ingenuity. We are much obliged all the same.  
REV A W A ROW (West Drayton).—Correction noted.  
MRS. KELLY (of Kelly).—The problem well deserved your painstaking analysis; and it is best appreciated by those who, like yourself, spent some care over it. You are correct in No. 2573.  
D E H NOYES.—Amended problem to hand. We hope the problem is now in satisfactory form.  
HENRY BRANDRETH.—Problem No. 2574 was to be solved in two moves, and it does not matter, therefore, if there were fifty ways of doing it in three. The necessary conditions for accuracy in a problem are—1st, that it cannot be done in less than the given number of moves; 2nd, that with such number it can only be done in one way.  
J D TUCKER (Leeds).—The Knight is in the corner for the purposes of a variation you have completely overlooked. Please examine the consequences of Black's defence of 1. K to Q B 5th.  
MRS. SCHWENK (Haverfordwest).—Mr. Allen's problem will be examined for publication, and if it appears a copy of the paper shall be sent as requested.  
G W BLYTHE.—Thanks for the game, which we hope to publish shortly.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2570 received from F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2571 from W F Jones (Belleville) and F A Holloway; of No. 2572 from J W Shaw (Montreal), F A Holloway, and Frederick T Ynehan (Havana); of No. 2573 from Alpha, Hythe, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T G (Ware), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2574 from Fitz-Warmin, John McRobert (Crossgar), Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), J S Moorat (Folkestone), J Hosking, Geo Luce Dupré (Jersey), H F W Lane, and J D Tucker (Leeds).  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2575 received from E Loudon, J D Tucker, H Brandreth, T Roberts, Martin F. Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dawn, G Joiey, R H Brooks, F J Knight, Admiral Brandreth, W Wright, L Desanges, Zulu, Joseph Willcock (Chester), T G (Ware), C E Perugini, A Newman, Shadforth, J Dixon, Dr. F. St. Captain J A Challice, G R Conyngnam, and T R Andrews (Brighton).

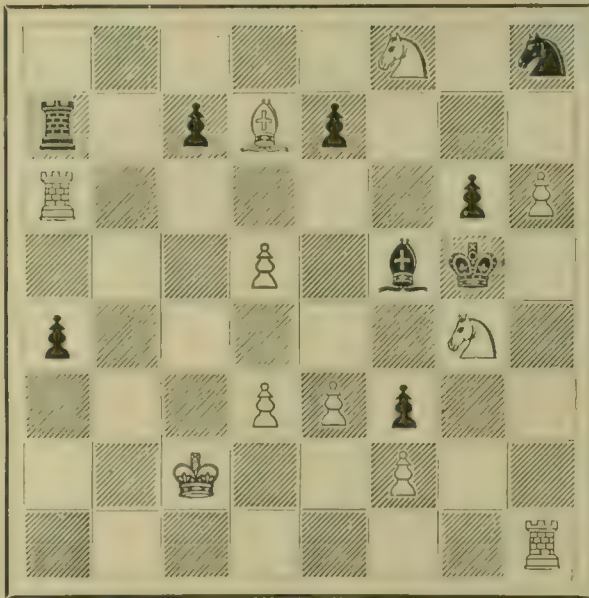
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2574.—By J. F. MOON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Q 7th. Any move  
2. Mate accordingly

PROBLEM No. 2577.

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. BRUNTON, of Marton, and FARROW, of Hull. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. F.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd  
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd  
5. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd  
6. P to Q B 3rd B to K 2nd  
7. P to K R 3rd Castles  
8. Q to K 2nd B to Q 2nd  
9. B to B 2nd Q to Q B sq  
With the intention of taking K R P should White Castle next move.  
10. P to K Kt 4th Kt to K sq  
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to K Kt 3rd  
12. Q Kt to K B sq Kt to Kt 2nd  
13. B to R 6th R to K sq  
14. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Q sq  
15. P to Q 4th P takes P  
16. Kt takes P Q Kt to K 3rd  
17. P to K B 4th Kt takes Kt  
18. P takes Kt Kt to K 3rd  
19. Castles (Q R) P to Q 4th  
Up to this point Black's game has been deplorably cramped. The present move, however, affords him temporary relief, although White's attack is not to be easily resisted.  
20. P to Q 5th Kt to Q 5th  
21. Q to Kt 2nd B to K B 3rd  
22. P to B 5th B to Kt 2nd  
23. B takes B K takes B  
24. Q R to Kt sq K to R sq  
25. P to K R 4th P to B 5th  
26. P takes Kt P B takes P  
27. P to Kt 5th R to K 2nd  
28. P to R 5th B to K sq  
29. P takes P B takes P  
30. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt  
If, instead, Kt takes Kt, 31. P takes Kt, B takes P, 32. P to Kt 6th, &c.  
31. P takes B R to K 7th  
32. R takes P (ch)  
A good and unexpected stroke. White has all through conducted the game with great skill.  
33. Q to R 3rd (ch) K to Kt sq  
34. R to R sq, and wins.

CHESS IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

Game played at the Counties Chess Association Tournament between Mr. J. H. BLAKE and the Rev. J. OWEN. (Queen's Pianchetto Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. O.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to Q 4th B to Kt 2nd  
3. B to Q 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
4. P to Q B 3rd P to K 4th  
Possibly P to K 3rd is more satisfactory here.  
5. P to Q 5th Q Kt to K 2nd  
6. Kt to K 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd  
7. Castles B to K 2nd  
8. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
9. Kt to B 5th Castles  
10. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd  
Black's position is cramped, and he has not now the KP to assist in breaking White's centre.  
11. Kt to B 3rd B to B sq  
12. B to K 3rd K to R sq  
13. K to R sq R to K Kt sq  
Perhaps, here B takes Kt, followed by Kt to B 5th, was better. It is forced later.  
14. P to K Kt 4th Kt to K sq  
15. Kt to K 2nd B to Kt 4th  
According to a Central News telegram, the American Chess Congress is indefinitely postponed, but we have seen no confirmation of the statement. It is not, however, improbable, as the financial crisis in the States must deprive all such schemes of that measure of public support without which they cannot succeed. It is well the organisers of the Congress have recognised this in time, should the news be true.  
A three-move problem tournament is announced in the columns of Knowledge for three prizes. Competing positions must reach Mr. C. D. Loomer, Burwash, Sussex, on or before Oct. 10, 1893.  
We learn from an American contemporary that Mr. Lasker contemplates adding the Draughts Championship of the World to the Chess Championship. It is to be hoped the story is not true—for Mr. Lasker's sake.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

In the August number of the *New Review* there is a very interesting and, on account of the eminence of the writer, a very important article on "The Brain of Women." The writer is the distinguished savant, Professor Ludwig Büchner, the author of "Force and Matter." He is perfectly ready to admit the importance of the size and physical construction of the brain as bearing upon the mental capacity. Nevertheless, he does not agree with those who try to "justify the legal and social oppression of man by his fellow-man by the well-known argument of the relative smallness of the female brain as compared with the male brain." This subject is one of particular interest to me, inasmuch as it happens that it was by an article on this very subject that, while I was a medical student, I earned my first money by literature. In Professor Büchner's article I find very little that is new, but all that is known or that should be taken into account is clearly and dispassionately set forth.

In one respect alone he has perhaps not efficiently expressed the facts. He accepts the statement of investigators that woman's brain "on the average" weighs four ounces less than man's. It is never expressly stated, however, whether the brains of the males and of the females that are said to give these averages were taken from the same ranks. It is not known that the brain of any distinguished woman has ever been examined. Harriet Martineau, in her middle life, directed by will that after her death her brain should be removed and transmitted for examination to her friend Mr. Henry Atkinson, who was a competent biologist; but she lived to a great age (seventy-four), and before she died Mr. Atkinson had come to feel himself unequal to accepting the rather dreadful task that she wished to leave him, and so her bequest was withdrawn. Many eminent men's brains have been inspected, however (when the original owners had done with them), and there have been found to be great differences among them as to weight and structure; so great that it cannot be said truly that there is established a law that the size of the organ is correlative with the capacity of the mind. As Professor Büchner says: "The difference in size between two men, both of great gifts, may be greater than that between the average man and woman. Thus, the brain of the great French anatomist, Cuvier, one of the heaviest known, weighed nearly four pounds, while that of Hausmann, the distinguished mineralogist, weighed less than two and a half pounds; between these a whole sequence of celebrated men can be inserted whose brains vary from one to the other of these extremes." But the cases of great weight and intellectual capacity coexisting are numerous enough to make it tolerably certain that there is a close correspondence, as a rule, in the two matters.

Two points, however, are of importance, and are not expressed by averages of the whole weight. One is, in which region of the brain the weight preponderates; the other, what is the weight of the whole body of the person whose brain is under examination? There is little doubt that the higher intellectual faculties are carried on by the front of the brain; that the extreme back is entirely occupied by the functions of the organism; while the middle and top brain is very probably largely occupied in directing those operations that are conscious and yet inferior to the highest mental processes—for instance, the combined movements of the hand, such as are made in writing or sewing, appear to have their centre in the back-top of the brain; and also, probably, emotion is there nerve-centred. Thus, a large portion of the brain substance is not used in thought in any of its processes, but in managing the body as an organic whole; and it is not only reasonable to suppose, but many facts make it almost certain, that the weight of the brain in those parts of its structure is in relation to the weight of the whole body that it has to look after. Some of the vast-bodied lower animals have brains larger by far in absolute weight than man's. The elephant and the whale have brains full twice as heavy as even Cuvier's. But when the relative size of body and brain is considered, the human brain far outdoes that of all other creatures; the other mammalia as a whole scaling only one part of brain in 186 of weight, birds one in 212, reptiles one in 1321, and fishes, the dullest of all created things of any size, one part of brain to 5668 of total weight, while the human race has, on an average, one part of brain to thirty-six of the body's weight. So it becomes clear, as Professor Büchner says, that "the relative size of the brain to the whole body must be considered; and, as a matter of fact," he adds, "when the relative weight of the female brain is considered, it is not less, but even slightly greater, than that of man."

But having thus "set us up," he proceeds in his scientifically judicial way to put us down a little again. He says that this is counterbalanced by the fact that it is the middle head which in women is more developed generally than in men, and the front is larger in men than in women. Now, the brow is the seat of intellect, and the middle head is the seat of the tactile and other muscular finer acts, and also probably of the emotions and moral feelings—not of the thoughts and judgments. He declines, however, to infer that this special development proves that women are intended by Nature for the life of the emotions, and men for that of the intellect; it is more probably, he says, only theresult of the fact that most women's lives, in the home, are such as to cultivate emotional faculties, while the lives of men struggling in the world are calculated to develop the higher mental functions. "We know that the human brain is a very receptive organ, that it easily changes its equilibrium, and that by use it gains in strength and capacity, increasing even in bulk, while disuse, on the other hand, entails on it a loss of development. . . . The lower in the scale of civilisation that we look the less do we find the difference in size of the brain in the two sexes. This circumstance proves that in civilisation and not in nature must lie the cause for the difference in development." So the illustrious writer concludes that there is no reason in the structure of our brains for forbidding us to learn and do all that any of us desire to try our brain development upon, nor for an antecedent conclusion that in such attempts we are predestined by nature to fail.









1. The road up to the camp.  
2. General view of the camp.  
3. Signalling to ask if ranges are clear.

4. Team pulling the moving target which represents a troop of cavalry.  
5. The moving target.  
6. The range party, about to signal.

7. Using the Watkin range-finder, and fixing picket-sticks.  
8. Battery firing at an invisible target.  
9. Camp Staff watching the practice from Semaphore Hill.

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TO HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN

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Of hurrying  
And scurrying  
Everybody flurrying  
And making them confused;  
When the labour would be lighter,  
Your linen all the whiter,  
And all around you brighter, if  
**SUNLIGHT SOAP**  
you used.



BOSCOMBE, HANTS.

The south coast of England, from Deal and Dover to the Land's End of Cornwall, exhibits a delightful variety of inviting places for summer or winter seaside resort. If you like chalk cliffs—but some eyes are apt to tire of their pale whiteness, their perpendicular wall-like straightness, and the bareness of vegetation of their summits, finding the seaward fractures of the Kent and Sussex Downs not so lovely as their sweet round swellings, with the exquisite verdure of their dips and hollows, and the woodland patches of the Weald, in the interior of those fair counties—there you have them, within two hours' railway journey from London. But Hampshire affords a greater diversity of scenery, with forests, wide heaths, more picturesque groups of hills, greener meadows, and fuller streams of the freshest, purest inland waters, and with sea-shores deeply indented by charming gulfs and bays, and fronted by a beautiful island. Beyond this, westward, from the Solent, guarded at its entrance by the romantic pinnacles of the Needles, lies the great double bay, divided by Purbeck Isle at Swanage, which is bounded by Portland Bill; and here the mainland coast assumes a different character. No longer presenting an alternation of chalk cliffs with low clay levels, this shore, at the south-western corner of Hants, and that of Dorset on the western side of the great bay, being composed of more plastic materials, of Bagshot sands, fine marls, and deep beds of such diverse coloured earth—substances as have already been noticed at Alum Bay, become most interesting to the geologist and pleasing even to the heedless visitor. Yet Christchurch Bay is inferior in those aspects to the coasts of East and South Devon, with their grand semicircle of red sandstone cliffs, pebble beaches, and views into rich grassy valleys, or to the bright limestone of Torbay, or the rugged granite rocks of Cornwall. The farther west you travel the more you are surprised and delighted by these changes of the scenery, and by the increasing blueness of a deeper and broader sea, the true unmingled azure of the Atlantic Ocean.

The topography of that part of the Hampshire coast which extends five or six miles west of Christchurch, a

small town of much antiquity at the mouth of the river Avon, must here be more particularly observed. That town, with its noble old Priory Church, of great historical interest, founded by Saxon kings of Wessex, has a modern neighbour, Bournemouth, which has come into existence within living memory, and which is now far more celebrated. It is not sixty years since the valley of the Bourne, with most of the barren heathy district between



THE BURLINGTON HOTEL, BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH.

Christchurch and Poole, was almost uninhabited. In 1836 its owner, the late Sir George Gervis, Bart., of Hinton Admiral, began to build villas there, and soon afterwards erected the Bath Hotel. The remarkable success of Bournemouth has been due to its situation, which renders it for invalids and delicate persons, in the winter and cold spring months, the most favourable seaside residence in England, being well sheltered by the East and West Cliffs and by the hills behind; to its fine sands, and to the plantations of pine-trees, the attractive pleasure-gardens, the avenues and evergreen shrubberies, and the commodious marine pier, with the facilities afforded by the London and South-Western

Railway, and the opportunities for steam-boat excursions in summer. It has grown to a town of 40,000 people, with a charter of municipal incorporation granted three years ago, a Mayor, Aldermen, and Town Councillors; with fine churches and beneficent institutions, and with the Hôtel Mont Dore and other fashionable boarding-houses. But the suburbs and environs of Bournemouth are now claiming their turn of public favour; and Boscombe, which is situated beyond the East Cliff, upon higher ground, close to the fragrant pine-woods, and which enjoys cooler sea-breezes and wider sea-views, may be preferred by summer visitors. It is accessible by a special station on the railway from London before reaching the East Bournemouth station. The Burlington Hotel at Boscombe, a stately building in the Italian style designed by Mr. T. E. Coleutt, architect of the Imperial Institute, was opened on Saturday, Aug. 19, when the proprietors, Messrs. Frederick George and Co., entertained a luncheon and garden party, at which Alderman H. Newlyn, the Mayor of Bournemouth, and Sir Richard Quain, M.D., were among the guests. This hotel has been decorated and furnished by Messrs. Maple and Co., of London, in the most refined taste. Boscombe has its own marine pier, an iron structure 600 ft. long, opened by the Duke of Argyll in July 1889. The late Sir Percy Shelley had his seat at Boscombe Manor, and Boscombe Towers was the mansion of Sir H. Drummond Wolff. One of the favourite walks from Bournemouth is to Boscombe Chine, a pretty and curious recess of the cliffs noted for its variegated sands. Here is a spa of mineral water, with a drinking-fountain erected by the Earl of Malmesbury. Southbourne, also, a mile to the east, has its chalybeate spring, and is a pleasant place of sojourn, with sport for anglers in the river Stour. The view from the esplanade commands the whole bay, to the left the Needles, to the right the Purbeck hills. But from Hengistbury Head, within an hour's walk, the receding shores, on both hands, are seen to a great distance. This coast, with Hurst Castle at one extremity and Corfe Castle at the other, has witnessed many deeds interesting in the history of England. The naturalist also finds near Boscombe fossil remains, specimens of botany, and rare birds and insects.

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10 10	by 8 1	5 10 0	13 7	by 11 3	9 15 0
11 7	by 7 11	5 6 9	14 5	by 10 7	8 18 0
11 1	by 9 5	6 10 0	14 5	by 10 10	9 15 0

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10 6	by 9 0	3 12 6	13 6	by 10 0	5 4 0
12 0	by 9 0	4 2 6	12 0	by 11 0	5 2 0
13 6	by 9 0	4 12 6	13 0	by 11 0	5 10 0
11 0	by 10 0	4 5 0	14 0	by 11 0	5 18 0
12 0	by 10 0	4 12 6	15 0	by 11 0	6 7 6

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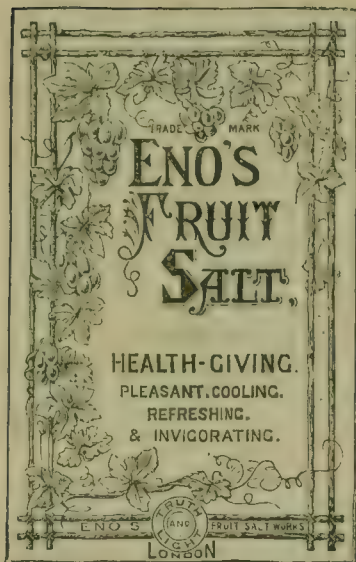
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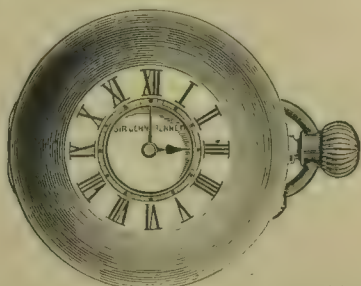
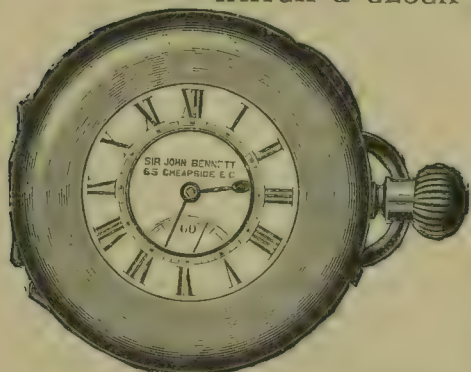
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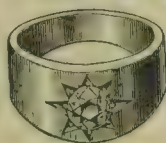
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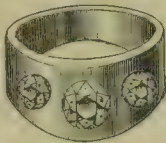
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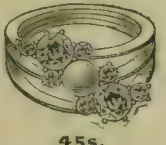
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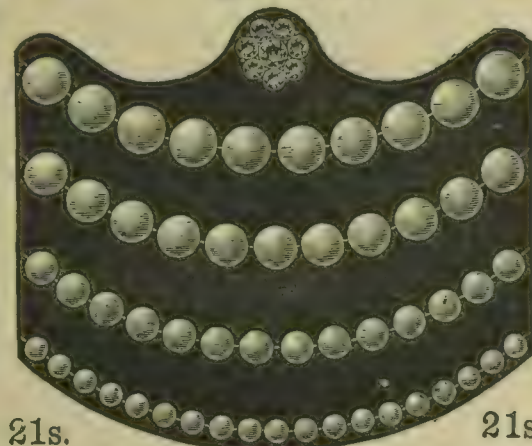
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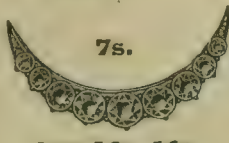
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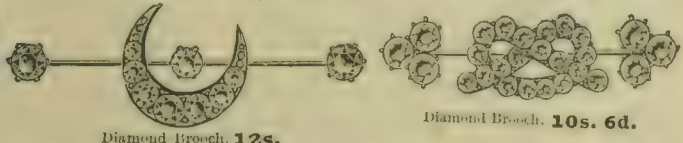


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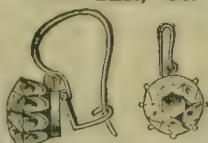
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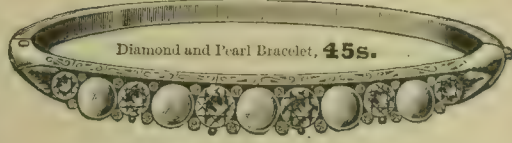


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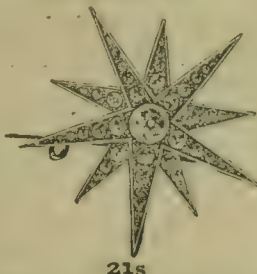


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 17, 1877) of Mr. Frank Philip Leon, formerly of the Stock Exchange, and late of 92, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on Aug. 9 by Hyman Montagu, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £255,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his sister, Constance Leon; £1000 to his cousin, Philip Leon; annuities of £150 each to his aunts, Ellen Isaac and Esther Samuel; £300 to his executor, Mr. Montagu; and £100 to John Harland, the butler to his father. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life and then for his children.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1891) of Mr. James Charles Chaplin, late of 10, Earl's Court Square, South Kensington, and 3, Temple Gardens, who died on May 7, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Ann Chaplin, the widow, Robert William Chaplin, the brother, and Edward James Morgan Chaplin, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £106,000. The testator states that he had given to his wife £20,000 in addition to the provision made for her by marriage settlement, and he now bequeaths to her the further sum of £5000. He also bequeaths £500 to either of the societies most prominently active in the opening of scientific institutions and museums, or art galleries, on Sunday, and his executors are to decide which of the societies in existence shall be entitled to the legacy; £1000 each to the children of his brothers, Robert William, Edward, and William Henry; £5000 to his brother, Robert William; £1000 each to his brothers, Edward and William Henry; and other legacies. The residue of his estate and effects he gives equally to his wife and his said brothers.

The will (dated April 6, 1893), with a codicil (dated April 27 following), of Mrs. Maria Fletcher, formerly of Leigham Court, Streatham Hill, and late of Kingslyn, Grange Road, Upper Norwood, who died on June 6, was proved on Aug. 7 by Joseph Flitcroft Fletcher, the husband, and Thomas Whittenbury Wheeler, Q.C., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £103,000. The testatrix, as to the sum of £5000 which she has power to divide among charitable institutions under the will of her former husband, John Tredwell, appoints £2000 to the Railway Benevolent Institution; £1000 each to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, and the Police Orphanage Institution; and £500 each to the London Homoeopathic Hospital and St. Thomas's Hospital. She bequeaths £5350 to Ada Kate Tanner; £5300 to Helen Tanner; £5000 each to her nephew, Alfred William Cox, her friend his Honour Judge Stonor, and

Charles Walter Clifford; £4000 to Susan Emmerson; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her husband, Mr. J. F. Fletcher. Special directions are given that her Queen Anne silver dessert service, certain of her diamonds, and other articles, are to be sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1888) of Mr. Joseph Vickerman, late of Fairlea, Taylor Hill, Huddersfield, woollen cloth merchant, who died on July 7, was proved on Aug. 12 by Mrs. Agnes Caroline Vickerman, the widow, Francis Henry Dubs Vickerman, the son, and Arthur Middleton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £86,000. The testator gives £150, and all his wines, consumable household and stable stores, horses and live stock to his wife; and his mansion house, with the gardens, grounds, stables, cottages, furniture, plate, pictures, carriages, and farming implements and effects, to his wife, for life, and then to his said son. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two thirds, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she maintaining his female children until marriage, and then for his daughters, in equal shares; and one third to his sons.

The will (dated March 10, 1893) of Mr. Frederick Garrard, late of Fairfax House, Blackheath, who died on July 2, was proved on Aug. 9 by Mrs. Elizabeth Garrard, the widow, John James, and Frederick Wolfe, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testator gives £300, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, and housekeeping and outdoor effects to his wife; his freehold residence to his wife for life; £100 each to his executors, Mr. James and Mr. Wolfe; £100, free of legacy duty, to every workman and servant who has been ten years in his service at his decease; and £100 per annum upon trust for his wife's nephew, John Hazard Mosheimer, with power to his trustees to raise and apply £2000 for his advancement in life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and he gives her power to appoint £5000 at her death by will. As to the ultimate residue of his property, he leaves one moiety to the children and grandchildren of his late maternal uncle, the Rev. George Dunne, of Christchurch, New Zealand; and the other moiety equally between All Saints' Boys' Orphanage, Lewisham, Kent, and the Dreadnought Hospital, Greenwich.

The will (dated June 12, 1890) of Mr. Henry Jermyn Montgomery-Campbell, formerly captain R.A., late of Thurmaston Hall, Leicester, who died on June 26, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Louisa Sydney Montgomery-Campbell, the widow, and Captain Hugo Montgomery-

Campbell, R.A., the son, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths the whole of the income of his real and personal estate to his wife for life; at her death he leaves the investments standing in the names of the trustees of his marriage settlement in the Mercantile Investment Trust Company and the first Mortgage Bonds of the Canada Pacific Railway, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Eleanor Georgina Rundle, for life, and then for her issue; all his shares in the Bank of Australasia to his sons, Sydney and Archibald, in equal shares; and the residue of his property, real and personal, to his son Hugo.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1892) of Mr. William Frederick D'Arley, late of Clevedon, Charles Road, St. Leonards, Sussex, who died on June 9, was proved on July 29 by Lawrence Desborough, and Montague William Desborough, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to Alicia Wainwright; all his plate, his father's gold medal for the battle of the Nile, and other articles, to his cousin, the Dowager Lady Headley; and other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one moiety to his said cousin; and the other moiety, upon trust, for his second cousin, Julia Hodges, for life, then for her children, and, if no children, for her sister, Mrs. Bayliffe.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1891) of Mr. Thomas Yate Benyon, late of Neithorp House, Banbury, Oxfordshire, who died on June 28, was proved on Aug. 9 by the Hon. Mrs. Christina Philippa Benyon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his nephew Ernest Ackland Lethbridge. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The bursting of the waterworks main at Kingston-on-Thames caused much inconvenience to many thousand householders in the south-western district of London, who were deprived of their supply of water from Friday, Aug. 18, until over the Sunday.

A disastrous boating accident took place on Aug. 16 on the Lower Shannon, close to Carrig Island, on the Kerry side. A large party of young men and women had been spending a holiday at Kilkee, in the county of Clare, on the opposite shore; they embarked to return at eight in the evening; there was a strong ebb tide. The boat was upset and they were all drowned, to the number of seventeen. On the same day, near Tory Island, off the coast of Donegal, four or five lives were lost by the capsizing of a boat.

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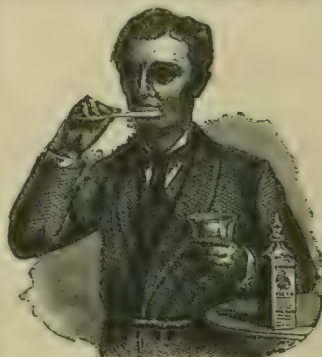
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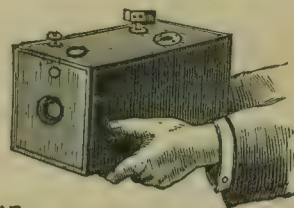
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**THE HUNZA AND NAGYR.**  
The readers of Mr. E. F. Knight's entertaining narrative of travel, "Where Three Empires Meet," will perhaps feel some curiosity to learn more of that sequestered race of highlanders, the Hunza and Nagyr, in the Hindu Kush mountain region north of the Kashmir and Gilgit. For such knowledge they must peruse Dr. G. W. Leitner's small volume, "Dardistan in 1866, 1886, and 1893," recently published by the Oriental University Institute at Woking, an interesting supplement to the new edition of his great work of ethnography and philology, "The Hunza and Nagyr Handbook," including a part of Yasin, issued three or four years ago by the official press of the Indian Government at Calcutta. Dr. Leitner, who was charged, about a quarter of a century ago, with a special mission of research in that almost unknown region for the Foreign Department of the Government of India, is unquestionably the chief authority upon this subject, which has now become one of high political importance consequent on the Russian intrusion into the Pamirs. Without here discussing the late action of the Indian Government or the intentions of Russia, we may observe that his account, derived from native sources, of the condition, history, religion, and customs, with specimens of the legends, fables, and songs of those singular highland populations, affords a study of rare interest. The "Mulai" creed of those nominal Mussulmans, the Hunza, whose moral

usages have been unfavourably described, seems to be nearly identical with that of the Syrian "Hashishin" of the Lebanon, known since the Crusades, from whose name the word "assassin" is derived. But the Nagyr, their comparatively civilised neighbours, are Shiah Mohammedans, of a much higher degree of social culture, Dr. Leitner's book is furnished with an accurate map.

The British American provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were visited, on Aug. 21, by a destructive hurricane in the night, causing great disasters to shipping, and to buildings in the city of Halifax, as well as devastation of crops and loss of cattle.

A boat on the Nene, near Sutton Bridge, Northamptonshire, was capsized on Aug. 21 by a sudden gust of wind. The two boatmen and seven excursionists from Sheffield were drowned; and only one woman of the party survives.

A dreadful story is told as having recently happened among the Kaffirs in South Africa. After a native dance, which took place on a farm near Isidengo, twenty-four persons—women, girls, and boys, and one man—retired to a hut to sleep. The hut took fire, and all but two were burned to death.

The Committee of Management of the School for Modern Oriental Studies, founded by the Imperial Institute in union with University College and King's College, London,

have recommended that the Onseley Arabic Scholarship of 1893 should be awarded to Mr. Henry Leitner, son of Dr. G. W. Leitner, founder and director of the Oriental Institute at Woking. The scholarships of 1894 will be for proficiency in Hindustani, Persian, and Chinese.

A steam-ship from South America has brought to Liverpool Captain Chalmers and seven of the crew of the barque Argylshire, of Glasgow, which was wrecked on the Falkland Islands in June. They were cast ashore on a desert island, and lived on limpets and wild fowl. A passing schooner enabled them to reach another island, whence they were taken to Fort Stanley, then to Monte Video, and home.

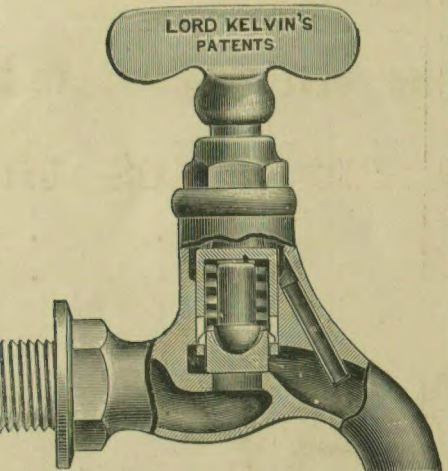
A concession in favour of English lady medical students has been granted to the London School of Medicine for Women by the University Court of St. Andrews, who have formally decided that lecturers shall attend to the instruction of women in medicine. This means that they approve of the present teaching, and place the institution upon equality with the Edinburgh schools in regard to the M.D. degree.

Mr. Gregory, of the British Museum, has arrived at Mombasa after a successful expedition to Lake Baringo, in East Africa. He returned by Likipia and Mount Kenia, ascended the latter to a height of seventeen thousand feet, explored the glaciers and the head streams of the Tana and the watersheds between the Tana and the Athi rivers.

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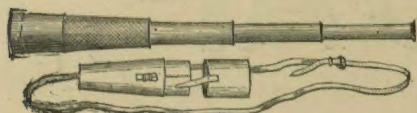
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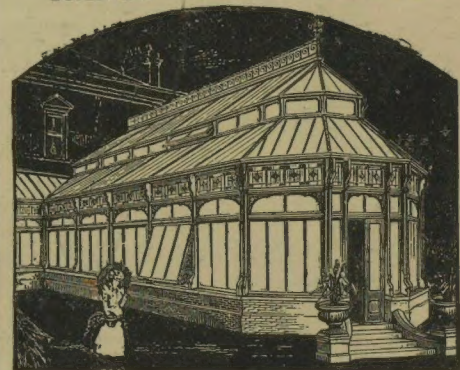
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